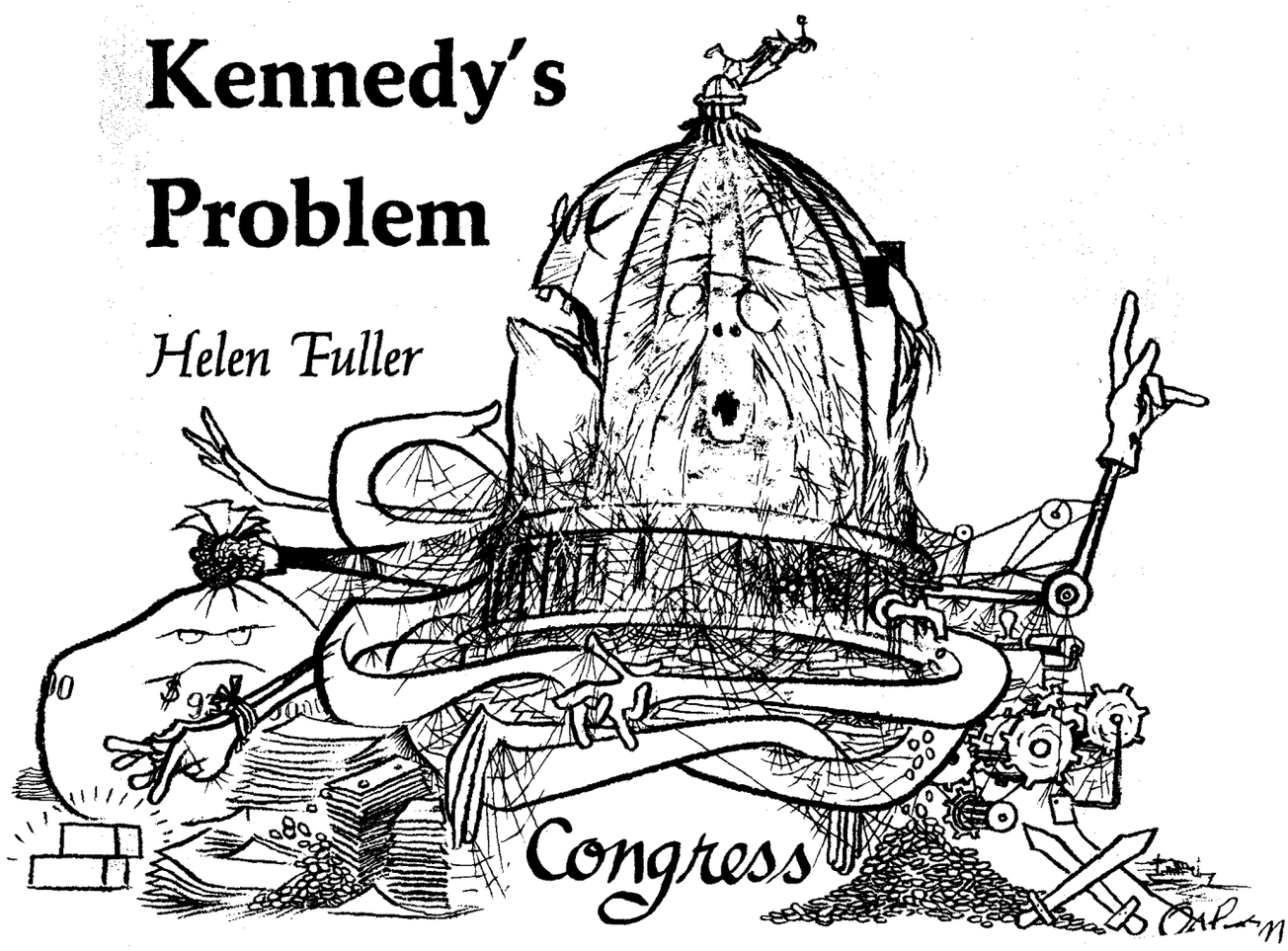
Benjamin DeMott

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 9, 1963, 35 cents

## Kennedy's Problem

Helen Fuller

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*How Embarrassing!*

★ We've always wondered what *really* happened when the small boy said the Emperor had no clothes on. Anderson, evidently, got the story all wrong. What happened was that some bystanders turned and muttered indignantly, others pretended to smile at his artless innocence, his mother rattled the boy's teeth with a swift smack, and for the most part the crowd just ignored him and talked a little more loudly about the Emperor's ermine robe.

Pennsylvania's Senator Joseph Clark (D) blurted out facts last week that Senators have heretofore tried to ignore. He said the conservative clique ("The Establishment") that runs the Senate rewards friends and punishes enemies, by distributing committee assignments. It also balks the Kennedy legislative program. It sounded like a final chapter to Jim Burns' new book, *Deadlock of Democracy*. Everybody has known this all along but nobody was supposed to say so. Clark in a clear, penetrating voice said, "The Emperor has no clothes on!" Then he went on to offer evidence to one of the emptiest Senate chambers we have ever seen. Result? Ghastly smiles; a smack; and a lot of embarrassed statesmen since then hastily talking about something else. Fortunately for us all, Clark has a strong voice, has just been reelected to a second six year term, and intends to keep on talking.

*Poll Tax*

★ Forty-seven of the state legislatures meet this year and, at the rate they are going, we should have a XXIVth Amendment to the Constitution before long – probably the most insignificant Amendment yet adopted. The Amendment would abolish the poll tax as a requirement for voting. It is being spliced into the Constitution now only because the ancient controversy has almost petered out.

Only five states have the poll tax limitation any more; only two of them (Alabama and Missisippi) use it extensively to bar Negro voting. Legislators have thought up more effective eligibility barriers. The Amendment applies only to federal, not state, elections. In fact not many thousands would be affected directly. It is a thermonuclear bomb dropped on a mouse. It will look strange, cuddled up in the noble Constitution alongside the Bill of Rights, the emancipation of slaves, the income tax, woman suffrage.

Actually, the Amendment was opposed in Congress by trade union and civil rights groups, including the NAACP. It is true that the Mississippi legislature recently rejected it in a huff, that Southern Senators staged a "friendly" 10-day filibuster against it in 1962, and that the President said it would be a good thing, he thought, provided Congress wouldn't do the same thing by statute.

That really is the importance of the Amendment; it sets a precedent for shunting off embarrassing things like civil rights issues to the cumbersome Constitutional route (which Congress doesn't want to handle direct). If the precedent is widely followed every schoolchild is going to have to learn a lot more Amendments (not forgetting the one putting in Prohibition, and the one taking it out).

*Not All Bad*

★ Most of the headline news in Washington these days is about foreign affairs and most is dreadfully confusing. Yet looked at from the viewpoint of a year ago we think there are some signs of improvement. The UN has got a precarious peace in the Congo. The US has confronted the Soviets over Cuba, and Mr. K backed down. The Soviets, it seems increasingly evident, are having economic problems. Their split with Red China has grown. Neutral India has perhaps learned some of the facts of life (sometimes you can't tell whether developments are "good" or "bad"). Again, the glacial progress toward nuclear disarmament has progressed to a point where Moscow agrees at least to on-site inspection. Also, we believe we discern hopeful signs that the Administration is about ready to cut its losses in certain dictatorial spots, like Viet Nam and Haiti.

The most discouraging news for most people is de Gaulle's veto of Britain and of President Kennedy's "grand design." Does this spell disaster? Nobody knows. De Gaulle wouldn't have taken the brutal step if he hadn't thought the world situation improving. What we notice is a tendency in British thinking, after the first rage, to accept the inevitability of ultimate rebellion against US hegemony anyway, and the thought that they might have declared "independence" sooner or later, if France hadn't got there first. That seems to be the direction of British second-thoughts; General de Gaulle knocked the pieces off the board, and when they are put back, if ever, they will be in different places.

*That Deficit Devil*

★ President Kennedy used the nasty word "recession" seven times in his prepared speech to the bankers here last week and six times in answers to questions. He also made anxiety evident by agreeing to support a tax cut without proposed reforms.

As to the dangers of deficits, MIT economist Samuelson noted that Britain, in its greatest days, 1688 to World War I, ran a deficit in "two out of every three years." And he quoted Thomas Babington Macaulay, the great historian, in 1840: "At every stage in the growth of that debt the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage . . . it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. . . .

"The prophets of evil were under a double delusion. They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual, and the case of a society which is debt to a part of itself. . . . They made no allowance for . . . the incessant progress of every experimental science, and the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew; and they forgot that other things grew as well."

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# War Without End

In an article displaying the "cautious optimism" which has become the trademark of American reporting on the war in Vietnam, *Time* magazine quoted the French as insisting "that the military problem is the Number 1 problem, and that Western men and arms must lick it. Given sufficient US equipment . . . they think they can crush Ho Chi Minh within three years." Vietnam's ruler, said *Time*, "needs time to organize an effective native government, train an army and militia that can restore order in the villages, win over the doubtful fence-sitters among the intelligentsia." The Vietnamese Government also needed a "display of winning strength and patient understanding by [its] Western allies." That was on May 29, 1950. The article was titled "The New Frontier."

Thirteen years later, Vietnam (now ruled by Ngo Dinh Diem instead of Bao-Dai) still needs time to organize effective native government. It also needs foreign aid and foreign troops to keep itself afloat. It still has too few faithful followers among its own villagers, still has not succeeded in winning the support of its own intellectuals, still pleads for "patient understanding" whenever Western observers insist that substantial political and economic reforms are needed to consolidate the countryside against the Viet Cong. Admiral Felt still thinks the war can be won "in three years."

This is what makes the report issued February 24 by a Senate mission to Vietnam, headed by Sen. Mike Mansfield, so explosive. After two years of self-deluding reassurances and prophesies, the facts are being faced and stated for the first time by a man in the inner circle of the Kennedy Administration. Mansfield's views are clear and simple. Unlike Admiral Felt, the Senate Majority Leader sees no end in sight. (Under more favorable conditions than those in Vietnam, the guerrilla war in Malaya lasted 12 years; in Algeria, the French fought eight years – and then withdrew.) The trouble, Mansfield says, is that the Diem regime has been growing more, not less, authoritarian; after seven years of American tutelage, it is "more removed from, rather than closer to, the achievement of popularly responsible and responsive government." Strong words for a Senator who was headlined a few years ago as "Diem's godfather."

Yet despite Mansfield's skepticism, the US commitment in Vietnam is deepening. On February 24 American "instructors" were officially authorized to do what they have been doing for months: "shoot first and ask questions later." US casualties, now running at one a week,

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COMING: *Two reports on China by the Far East correspondent of "Figaro"*

are likely to increase; expenditures are running $450-500 million a year to support the bankrupt Diem Government, plus something like $200 million a year to support the 12,000 man US military mission. Much of this support is, of course, concealed in departmental budgets under headings which make no reference to Vietnam, but men like Senator Mansfield, who must push the foreign aid bill through Congress, know the total even if the public doesn't.

Where will Washington's present policy lead? The US has not, in the past, been able to push Diem into conceding those reforms it regards as absolutely minimal. Diem has insisted that if he gave his military commanders more independent authority, if he gave local government more autonomy, if he allowed free speech and free elections, he would be deposed. This may be true. But Diem's determination to concentrate power in his own hands offers the Vietnamese no hope of getting the social and political changes they want. Some turn to the Viet Cong. Most are indifferent and collaborate with whomever they fear most. In many cases this is the Viet Cong, for the Communists have discovered the efficacy of selective terrorism. While Diem's US-trained pilots drop napalm on whole villages, killing many who have only tried not to take sides, the Viet Cong confines its assassinations to those who actively help Diem. Even if the government bombings and machine-gun strafings are "selective", as USAF General McDonnell claims, rather than being indiscriminate, as the Army implies, they alienate many peasants who feel they are being punished for crimes in which they played no active part.

In the long run – and it is likely to be a very long run indeed – the danger of supporting Diem is that the Western influence will become more and more suspect. The commitment of more and more "white faces" in an Asian ground war – whether they are camoulflaged as "instructors" or "advisers" or what-have-you – is likely to boomerang on the US. As the going gets rougher, and "victory" remains three years off, some in the Pentagon (not to mention some columnists) will argue that "freedom" is losing because the anti-Communists cannot get at the "source" of the trouble in Hanoi. And although Secretary Rusk on March 1, 1962, gave assurances that the US had no intention of moving north of the 17th Parallel, this will not quiet those who demand that we "take the war to the enemy," as in Korea. The risk that another Sino-American confrontation would follow is obvious.

Most State Department officials take the position that they have tried to make Diem change, that he has refused, and that the only alternative to going along is getting out. This they rightly argue would have a disastrous effect on US relations with other Southeast Asian governments, for it would make the Viet Minh appear unbeatable (the men who licked first France and then America) and non-Communist Asian governments would begin queueing up to make their peace with Hanoi and Peking. Yet if "go along" and "get out" were the only choices, we would be inclined to agree with Senator Mansfield that disengagement might be the lesser evil. For to stick with Diem's present policy is to follow the road back to Dien Bien Phu, the road which in Mansfield's words would make this "primarily an American war, to be fought with American lives."

But as Mansfield argues, there is a third option. Once the bankruptcy of the present US policy is recognized, the US might belatedly impose strict conditions on the continuation of its aid. Last year when Washington "demanded" that Diem loosen his tight grip, he knew he could refuse; he knew that in a pinch the US preferred him to withdrawal. If this certainty were shattered, his attitude might change. Then there might be a chance for the South Vietnamese.

Meanwhile, if Senator Mansfield keeps on talking, and others join him, Congressmen on both sides of the aisle may begin turning their attention to something more weighty than the problem of whether or not to fight the Cubans over a buzzed shrimp boat.

# Numbers Game

The reduction of US demands for on-site inspection of a nuclear test ban treaty – from "eight or ten" annual inspections to seven – has not, as of this writing, produced any reciprocal upward revision from the Soviet negotiators – from "two or three" to four or more. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any such reciprocation was expected; if it had been, a compromise would presumably have been reached behind the scenes to split the difference and agree on five or six inspections.

The selection of these numbers may seem arbitrary to the layman. It is. Scientists working in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency privately confirm this judgment. On the one hand, the technicians say, it won't be appreciably easier to detect Soviet cheating if the US has seven inspections than if it has only three;



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on the other hand, it won't be appreciably harder for the Soviet authorities to prevent espionage if they concede seven inspections instead of three. Furthermore, experts note, the whole argument over inspection is overrated. The big danger is not that the Soviets will sneak in a couple of underground tests which can't be identified; it is that they will prepare a series of tests above ground, publicly denounce the treaty on some pretext, and then resume testing in the atmosphere. This possibility would not be significantly reduced by seven inspections, or even 700.

The real obstacle to further US concessions, according to many US officials, is not the Russians, but the Senate, which must ratify a treaty by two-thirds vote. The Administration believes that the cause of disarmament would be set back further by agreeing to a treaty which is then rejected by the Senate than by not signing one in the first place. It also believes that to accept Soviet offers of only three on-site inspections would be to risk rejection by the Senate. Nobody knows, but it is at least possible that Khrushchev faces a similar problem *vis à vis* his military bureaucracy. Otherwise it is hard to see why he would offer three inspections but resolutely refuse seven.

# Increasing US Exports

The President is said to be so concerned about the balance-of-payments problem that Treasury authorities must call him on a special phone to tell him whenever the US loses more than $10 million of gold in a week. How justified is the concern, and what is being done about it?

In the last three years of the Eisenhower Administration the international payments deficit averaged $3.7 billion a year; in the first year of the Kennedy Administration, it fell to $2.4 billion, in the second, to $2.2 billion. Two points should be noted. The first is that the apparent reduction in the deficit in the last two years is somewhat misleading in that much of it has come from advance repayment of foreign debts owed the US Government and other special financial transactions, rather than from striking gains in the US competitive position abroad or from new government programs to reduce the deficit. On the other hand, countries figure their deficits differently, and there is a worldwide bias toward overstating payments deficits and understating payments surplus. Worldwide, the sum of country deficits apparently exceeded the sum of country surpluses by between $1.5 billion and $2 billion in 1961 and in 1962.

Most of the efforts to reduce the deficit have focussed on governmental rather than private transactions. The Administration has been especially successful in getting Germany and Italy to purchase US-produced military equipment to offset US military expenditures in Europe. To further reduce net foreign payments associated with the foreign aid program and military expenditures abroad, US purchases have been shifted from foreign sources of supply to domestic sources, even when American prices are much higher. For instance, the Department of Defense has estimated that its procurement costs for certain goods have increased by 36 percent as a result of these shifts.

In contrast, attempts to increase the sale of US goods abroad have been feeble. There are no special incentives for exporters. In view of the size of the US deficit and its cost in terms of its potentially dampening effect on domestic expansion, the government's expenditures for foreign trade fairs, for the US Travel Service, for commercial attachés and trade missions, are niggardly. The Administration has appointed an unknown Chicago advertising man as coordinator of export promotion, when the task demands a Henry Kaiser or a Clarence Randall.

Thus far the Administration has hoped that it could rely on inexpensive measures to reduce the deficits – its direct expenditures for the purpose probably have been less than $15 million annually, or about the cost of several large missiles. If, however, the US wants to be taken seriously in its intention to reduce the deficit without limiting the expansive potential of the economy, then $100 million or even $200 million should be devoted to trade fairs and industrial research programs designed to capture more of military research and development for commercial undertakings.

# Soak the Writers!

Rex Stout, president of the Authors' League of America, appearing before the House Ways and Means Committee, has argued eloquently, logically and truthfully the injustice of the income tax law as it bears upon writers, in particular upon writers of books. A man whose income jumps 33 percent from one year to the next, says Mr. Stout, should be allowed to level it up with his income for the previous five years. When he has labored long over a book without receiving a cent, the money that comes to him the year after publication should, in justice, be treated as delayed compensation for his previous work, not as that one year's income.

Now, my personal observations on this subject may be special pleading. After publication of a book that had cost years of unpaid labor, my own income has jumped as much as 300 percent, forcing me into an income bracket to which I had no real right of entry. If my total income for five years is compared with my total taxes for five years – the flush year being the fifth



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– it is revealed that I am paying at a much higher rate than a man who has earned the same total by steady employment as a brickmason during those five years.

However, any complaint on my part must be predicated on the assumption that the government has no interest in penalizing writers. Mr. Stout, indeed, goes so far as to say that the government should encourage them. That, it seems to me, is debatable. Fictioneers may be – although they are not necessarily – neutral, but writers of non-fiction are to politicians as Paris green is to a potato bug, that is to say, a constant menace; and politicians compose the government. To assume that the government should encourage writers is, therefore, to assume that politicians should encourage their natural enemies.

It is conceivable that there may be non-fiction writers who have specialized on a subject that impinges in no way on the activities of government. I do not know, and cannot guess what that speciality may be; but granting that it exists, it engages only a tiny percentage of professional writers. The vast majority are constantly engaged in critical appraisal of something that government is doing, has done, or proposes to do. The interest of the writer is to detect and bring to light the truth about the matter. The interest of the politician is to make it look good from his standpoint, or that of his party. The attitude of each toward the other is naturally and properly one of wariness, and for either to expect or desire favors at the hand of the other is *infra dig.*

The injustice of which Mr. Stout complained has been brought before every Congress for at least 20 years, but nothing has been done about it, and it is the guess of this superficial observer that nothing will be done this year. Here, in Shylock's phrase, the politician has the writer on the hip, and if he can't "feed fat the ancient grudge" he owes him, he can at least give it a bite. The injustice of the law does not greatly affect news-writers, the lads that the politicians would really love to soak, but getting book authors is something.

If Mr. Stout's protest is vain, that is not the writers' responsibility; their duty is to make it not only in this matter, which, after all, is a nuisance rather than a mortal danger, but also in affairs of far greater import when they perceive that the dragons or the angels that the politicians bring upon the stage of national affairs are actually painted canvas stuffed with sawdust. Now and then, to be sure, the writers make a mistake, and their switch-blades fetch real blood, regrettably; but nine times out of ten all they spill is stuffing.

From the standpoint of the public it is a salutary operation, and from the standpoint of the writer it is – why not admit it? – a joyous one. So if the income tax penalizes us for being writers, after all, my lords and gentlemen, isn't it worth it?

GERALD W. JOHNSON

# Anti-Missile Dilemma

Despite more than five years of effort and the expenditure of several billion dollars, the most promising approach to an anti-ICBM missile system contemplates the interception of enemy warheads at altitudes so low that the blast and radiation from US interceptor missiles may threaten the very cities they are designed to protect. This "most promising" system is known as Nike-X. The Defense Department plans to develop it as a successor to the Nike Zeus anti-ICBM missile. To comprehend the reasons for shifting emphasis from Nike Zeus, which would intercept warheads at higher altitudes, to Nike-X we must understand some of the difficulties of defending an area from an assault by the very long-range missiles.

While anti-aircraft missiles are extremely effective against aircraft traveling at speeds of 600 mph, and nearly as effective against bombers flying at higher speeds, an ICBM warhead the size of one of the bomber's four jet engines and moving at 10,000-15,000 mph is a vastly more difficult target to get at. The problem has been compared to shooting down a bullet with another bullet. Despite this, during recent tests in the Pacific, Nike Zeus demonstrated its ability to intercept a single warhead; Zeus supporters thereupon urged that it be placed in production.

What thwarts an effective defense against a mass ICBM attack, however, is the fact that it is possible for an enemy ICBM to release dozens of decoys which, to ICBM defense radars, look like warheads. Such a decoy might be as simple and cheap as a metal foil balloon.

If it is necessary to launch an expensive interceptor missile to kill each object detected by defense radars to assure that no warhead gets through (say to New York City), it becomes relatively easy for the attacker to saturate and overwhelm the defense. No matter how many Zeus missiles are assigned to protect any target area, an enemy need only send over a slightly larger number of inexpensive decoys first, followed by ICBMs bearing thermonuclear warheads. So long as low-cost multiple decoys can be launched by a single enemy ICBM, and so long as interceptor missiles and installations are so costly, any such defense runs serious risks of saturation or bankruptcy.

After several years of intensive investigations and re-entry tests, the Defense Department has found that the only practical way to discriminate between warheads and decoys is to observe the difference in their trajectories as they re-enter the atmosphere. The heavier warheads penetrate more quickly while the lighter decoys enter more slowly.

But the difference in trajectories does not begin to become apparent until the objects have dropped to an altitude of about 60 miles, and to be really effective



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this "atmospheric filtering" technique must wait until the objects have reached altitudes of about 40-50 miles. At these altitudes, however, a warhead traveling at 3-4 miles per *second* is less than 20 seconds away from impact. If the warhead is designed to detonate prior to hitting the earth there is even less time to stop it. Thus a Nike-X interceptor has only a handful of seconds after it is launched to get up to target altitude and "kill" the target with a small nuclear burst. By the time that intercept occurs, the target altitude may be less than 50,000 feet and the enemy warhead may have a proximity fuse which will detonate its multimegaton thermonuclear warhead before the interceptor missile can destroy it.

Here, in brief, is the dilemma: Nike Zeus, hopefully, could intercept incoming targets at altitudes of around 60-70 miles where the radiation-blast effects from the interceptor warhead and the ICBM warhead would be far less serious for the urban centers below. But the Nike Zeus cannot discriminate effectively between decoys and theromonuclear warheads at such altitudes. Nike-X, on the other hand, can use atmospheric filtering to single out those targets which are really warheads; hopefully, it can also destroy them. But in the process the people and cities it is trying to protect will be subjected to radiation and blast.

This brings into sharper focus McNamara's statement to the House Armed Services Committee that "in the absence of adequate fallout shelters, an active defense might not significantly increase the proportion of the population surviving an all-out nuclear attack."

Raymond D. Senter

*"If we confuse ourselves, we must be confusing the enemy."*

# Pressure on Khrushchev

*Paris*

In a quarter-century experience as a journalist, I have never met more outspoken and forthright Soviet citizens than those whom I have been seeing, and there are a surprising number of them, here in Paris the past few weeks. According to them, and they are people with enough stature to guarantee that this is not sheer fantasy, a serious situation is developing swiftly in Khrushchev's empire.

"Last summer," said one of the Russians, "the Western press reported serious incidents which took place at Nowo-Tscherkask, an industrial town near Rostow, where thousands of workers went out on strike in order to protest the increase of meat and butter prices and insufficient supply of foodstuffs. Many people were reported killed and wounded, many others arrested. But what your press reported was only a small fraction of what really took place. And since Nowo-Tscherkask there have been many similar incidents, unknown in the West. Strikes in factories, slow-downs, verbal attacks by workers against factory management, party organizers and trade union representatives became a daily occurrence. Everywhere in Russia production is down, food is short and may soon get shorter, the working masses seem disillusioned and determined not to listen to appeals for harder work and tightening of the belt."

Because of last year's poor harvest, the income of collective farm members was meager. Young collective farmers began to leave their native villages in large numbers. The massive exodus of young manpower is continuing, despite the fact that the conditions in towns have been deteriorating too.

This breakdown of labor discipline is deeply disturbing the party machinery and government bureaucracy. From the bottom of this immense machine, where there are still people who began their careers in Stalin's time, a demand is heard for more rigorous action to "get the situation in hand again." The demand is coupled with more or less bitter criticism of what in these circles are called "the excesses of de-Stalinization." Khrushchev, who is the champion of technological progress, replies that the line advocated by the old bureaucrats would lead to new terror, unspeakable crimes, mass purges.

Yet no regime can function well under conditions of



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chaos and broken economic and social discipline. For that reason, although a return to Stalinism seemed out of the question a year ago, today such categorical confidence is no longer possible. A year ago Khrushchev's power seemed unassailable; today it seems vulnerable. All this means that Russia, and the whole Communist bloc, may be on the eve of violent eruptions.

Should the "more energetic" internal policy advocated by the old Soviet bureaucracy win, there could be a return to Stalinist foreign policy – greater isolation from the outside world, comparative lack of interest not only in the capitalistic countries but in Africa, Asia and Latin America as well. Such a policy would mean a death sentence for the Castro regime; Soviet withdrawal from Ghana, Guinea, Mali; the end of large-scale aid to Nasser, Sukarno and others.

If conditions are ripe for a change in Moscow the Soviet bureaucrats will not hesitate to make this agonizing reappraisal. For them the requirements of the internal situation always have had, and still have, absolute priority. PHILIP BEN

## FOREIGN REPORTS

### *Brandt's Victory*

★ For this last decade there has been no political "Opposition," in the accepted sense of the word, in West Berlin; criticism of the administration has been limited to minor municipal questions. These have generally been settled by a concerted effort made in the general interest of the community. Politics seemed to have little place in this outpost.

The Berlin elections of February 17 were therefore significant. They brought a considerable shift in the relative strengths of the parties and so ran counter to the established Berlin pattern. They also were fought on a violently controversial issue – that of Lord Mayor Willy Brandt's arranged, and later cancelled, interview with Khrushchev in January. This issue posed a key question – are the Berliners (and other Germans for that matter) prepared to do something more toward solving their country's problems than merely assume an embattled posture of defense and loudly proclaim their loyalty to the Western Alliance?

Berlin's answer was a resounding vote of confidence on February 17 for Herr Brandt and his Social Democratic Party. Its vote jumped from 52 percent to nearly 62 percent, and it captured nearly two-thirds of the seats in the city Parliament. The Christian Democratic vote, meanwhile, dropped from 38 to 29 percent – the lowest since 1950. Berlin is, of course, traditionally Social Democratic, but these returns were far out of line with expectations based on past performance.

Herr Brandt necessarily benefited from the city's growing economic prosperity, summed-up in the party slogan "All this we have achieved." Indirectly, he benefited from the relaxation of Soviet pressure on the city, which has been evident in the last few months. (There is now renewed speculation about resumption of East-West talks on Berlin.) The man in the street identified Brandt with the faith, firmness and endurance which have kept the Berliners' liberties intact. Brandt benefited, too, from the essential soundness of his own administration, which has been free from the muddles, contradictions and lack of direction which have beset the Government in Bonn. But he probably benefited most of all from the controversy over his proposed meeting with Khrushchev.

Brandt, it may be remembered, arranged this meeting during the Socialist Unity Party Congress in East Berlin, which Khrushchev attended as guest of honor. He was forced to cancel it because his Christian Democratic coalition partners – who claimed they had not been consulted in advance – threatened to leave the administration. The consensus in West Berlin at the time was that Brandt had acted honestly and sensibly. This consensus makes the results of February 17 intelligible, but it also represents a break-through – the first – for constructive German thinking on the German role in the East-West conflict. Quite rightly, Brandt decided that leading Germans should be prepared to talk to Soviet leaders, to explain that they are likely to be indefinitely saddled with a bankrupt and hated satellite regime in Eastern Germany, and to indicate the way to a more constructive German policy. The only people who can do this with the necessary authority and conviction are the Germans themselves.

Will this be understood in Bonn? There is no sign it will. Adenauer is still obsessed by his ideas of defensive diplomacy and Western consolidation within the limits of Charlemagne's Empire.

Some day, somehow, West German leaders must make a solid contribution to the solution of their country's problems. Brandt has realized this; Adenauer has not. So far, the Christian Democrats have not had to worry over much about Social Democratic "deviationism." But the Social Democrats have now created the sort of broadly-based party which has a real chance of winning a Federal election. They are picking up votes among the middle class, among officials, intellectuals and farmers, in areas which have been traditionally conservative. It is estimated that the Social Democratic vote is now only just one-half working-class. Middle-of-the-road policies are proving their worth. For the first time since 1949 the Opposition has a real chance of influencing the Government party, which is losing confidence in its leadership and in itself.



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NO PEACEFUL TRANSITION TO FREEDOM IS NOW POSSIBLE

# The Overthrow of Apartheid

*Dr. Verwoerd's Government has been enforcing apartheid more and more strictly in recent months. One result has been the emergence, in the Transkei province, of a terrorist group, Poqo, whose members have been hacking people to pieces in the streets, irrespective of their color. Thus the always imminent "blood bath," by now a journalistic cliché, may be at hand. The editors of* The New Republic *have very serious reservations about the policy here recommended by* Patrick Duncan, *for he is suggesting that the US arm and finance the overthrow of another government. Nevertheless, that Mr. Duncan has come to this view is itself significant. He is the son of a former Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, and is Editor of* Contact, *a South African fortnightly critical of apartheid. Banned in 1961 from attending any gatherings for five years, he was ordered in March, 1962, not to leave the city of Cape Town for five years and had his passport confiscated. Under recent legislation it is illegal for anything said or written by him to be reported in South Africa. In May, 1962, he disobeyed the confining order and went to live in Basutoland, a British colony in the middle of South Africa.*
The Editors

*Basutoland*

When, just over two years ago, President Kennedy was inaugurated, things looked dark for the West in Africa. On or about the very day of the inauguration Patrice Lumumba was killed, an act that set in train a seismic wave of anti-Westernism. For 30 years the Kremlin had prepared for this moment and had trained many of Africa's new leaders. Furthermore, Africa's revolution had to be partly anti-Western, for none but Western lands had held colonies in Africa. Most importantly, gnawing at the heart of the otherwise humane West, lay its great canker, its racist feelings of arrogance and contempt for the dark-skinned people of the world.

In such circumstances how could the new African lands have been expected to resist the advance of Communism? One state, Guinea, had already been (temporarily) thrown into the arms of the Soviets by France's reactions to Guinea's "no" vote of September, 1958, in the referendum on continuing association with France. The prospects in the Congo were menacing. When Lumumba's successor Gizenga moved to Stanleyville, his "government" was recognized by the Soviet Union, the Eastern bloc and some Afro-Asian countries. It looked to some as though Gizenga might become a new bridgehead for Communist revolution in Africa.

These fears have so far come to naught. Soviet ambitions in the Congo have during the last two years been effectively blocked. In my view President Kennedy and his Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, G. Mennen Williams, have made almost no mistakes in Africa and have won a notable political victory. On what have their policies been based? In broadest outline, these policies have been based on a respect for and support of the Afro-Asian stand on the Congo and of the United Nations operation there. No doubt at times it was difficult for the Americans to support the Afro-Asians, but slowly and surely the wisdom of this policy has been understood, till today it is the Soviet policy of an independent pro-Soviet Stanleyville government that lies in ruins, while the central Congolese government is universally recognized.

As in the Congo, so it is in the whole of the continent with its 32 independent African states. In not one of these African countries has the anti-colonialist revolution coincided with a Communist revolution, nor has Moscow any reasonable prospects of acquiring any satellites on the African continent.

But it is far too early for self-congratulations. The Communists' best hope in Africa lies in a land which has not yet found freedom – South Africa.

Through the unyielding oppressiveness of the apartheid government there is now no chance of a peaceful transition to freedom and democracy. The way to power in South Africa now lies through the use of force, and the movement that first successfully uses force against apartheid is assured of overwhelming world support. The Communists and their allies have pioneered the use of sabotage against Dr. Verwoerd's government and are well in the running in the race to open the shooting war this year or next. One of the leading anti-apartheid movements, the African National Congress, has for years been anti-Western and during the Cuba crisis it sent messages of encouragement to Castro. Also, Dr. Verwoerd's government is pathologically afraid of Communism and smears as Communist any democratic protest against apartheid. The oppressed, who hate apartheid, are therefore tempted to love apartheid's foes, including Communism. All these factors make it possible that the South African revolution will be begun by the Communists. What this would mean was well put by a recent American letterwriter to *The Observer* (December 16). "Should a major uprising against the South African



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Government be led by Communists," he wrote, "the Western world would be confronted with a choice of evils of unprecedented difficulty."

The best, perhaps the only guarantee that a future free South Africa will be non-Communist is that the South African revolution be begun and led to victory by men who are not Communist. Such men exist within South Africa, but they have insufficient arms and money. They must now be given what they need.

Although the idea of launching and powering a revolution for the attainment of democratic rights will seem fantastic to more cautious spirits in London and Washington, there are precedents. To quote President Kennedy: "Most political revolutions – including our own – have been buoyed by outside aid in men, weapons and ideas" (*Strategy of Peace*).

There is another Southern African field in which the West dare not allow itself to be outplayed and outbid. Intertwined with the South African revolution is the question of Southwest Africa. Almost certainly the United Nations will decide in the near future to remove the one-time mandate from the control of the South African Government. Any such move will require teeth if it is to be successful, and supporters of a policy of tough action will no doubt have been encouraged by the recent military successes of the United Nations troops in Katanga, only 400 miles away from Southwest Africa. When this decision to unlock Southwest Africa from the grip of Verwoerd's government is made, the West will be faced with this choice: to cooperate with the United Nations, to finance, arm and transport its force (backed by an all but unanimous vote of the General Assembly and enjoying the sympathy of virtually the whole human race), or to sit by and watch the Soviets do it.

In Southwest Africa and South Africa, America's policy of nurturing freedom and blocking Communism leads irresistibly to the use of force, force to power the South African anti-apartheid revolution, and force to support the United Nations in Southwest Africa. A foretaste of what lies ahead has been experienced in the fighting to free Katanga from Tshombe's concealed colonialism. Africa south of the Congo presents the West now with its next unavoidable choice: is it for or against apartheid? Let the choice be made soon.

PATRICK DUNCAN

ADOULA WILL RELY LARGELY ON WESTERN ASSISTANCE

# Putting the Congo Together Again

*United Nations*

With the arrival of Moise Tshombe on the tranquil shores of Lake Geneva for "medical treatment," his stubborn rule over Katanga appears to be at an end. Whether or not the contemplation of his fabled hoard will restore his impaired vision and speed his return to the humble post of provincial president is irrelevant now. The ghost of secession has been laid, the single purpose of Patrice Lumumba accomplished and the death of Dag Hammarskjold vindicated. Impatient to disengage the world organization from its Congo involvement which has cost $32 million in the last 30 months and has left the UN bankrupt, the Secretary General engaged in a police action which exposed as a myth, the redoubtable military strength of Katanga, the popularity of its leader, the dedication of its foreign hirelings and the threat of an economic destruction. He discovered, as one UN official put it, that "Katanga was merely a small tail wagging a large dog."

There remains the Herculean task of putting the country on its feet. How is it to be done? And by whom? In view of the total depletion of the UN treasury, the most massive assistance program in UN history is no mean undertaking. It has been axiomatic since the beginning that all aid should be channeled through the United Nations to avoid what U Thant calls "the perils of a politically-motivated assistance competition." This principle has up to now been strictly enforced. But the lack of funds and the unwillingness of some nations to contribute to the Congo operation has brought about a new situation: In his report to the Security Council, the Secretary-General now says that "the United Nations alone will not have the resources to meet the vast needs of the Congo."

On the evening before this frank admission, U Thant was informed (it was perhaps no coincidence) of the departure of Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland to the Congo on an economic mission. U Thant made haste, in the baroque language so reminiscent of his predecessor, to invite other nations to follow suit. The initiative taken by the US marks an important



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departure, and UN officials, pouring over their Congo blueprints, only hope that it will not have grave consequences. For these officials feel that their familiarity with Congolese problems have made them best qualified to see the country through its next phase; they are bitterly opposed to relegating the UN to the role of a programming agency.

Yet this is precisely what the UN will now be. For though Adoula needed the UN to hand him back his severed province and is shrewd enough to know that no African leader can seem to fall into the West's arms (the formula of a UN umbrella is therefore useful), he prefers to rely henceforth on his friends in the West. He makes no secret of his affection for the United States, which kept him in power when, as one *Union Miniere* official scornfully put it, it looked as though "even a taxidermist couldn't keep him propped up."

What happens next? The plight of the unemployed in the capital, whose numbers are unrecorded, is exacerbated at this moment by a food shortage, the result of dissident elements cutting off supplies from outlying areas. The authors of this exercise are petulant Abako tribesmen who have long been at loggerheads with the Adoula government. A word from their ethnic leader, President Joseph Kasavubu, which alone could put an end to the situation, has not been forthcoming. The machinery of parliamentary government, which never functioned efficiently, has come to a halt. The multi-party system, projecting Belgian politics on the unsophisticated elite of an even less sophisticated society, has proved unmanageable. In the absence of working political parties, general elections will have to await a reappraisal by the political leadership and the drafting of a new and indigenous constitution.

There are, however, some encouraging signs. The Congolese bureaucracy, one of the most useful heritages of the Belgians, has set to in the time-honored tradition of *ronds de cuir* and performed, on paper at least, miracles of planning for the Prime Minister. Professors have examined the country's economic predicament and outlined plans for eliminating deficits, increasing production, stabilizing payments balances. A consultative Economics and Social Commission is studying austerity measures that must be taken, including cuts in an overstaffed civil service.

Meanwhile, bona fide business interests are beginning surveys of oil for exploitation. Offers are pouring in for school construction, the building of hospitals and the staff that goes with these projects. Together with US assistance, which is being worked out at present, West Germany, Belgium and Scandinavian countries are quietly promising to help. In Katanga, too, there is evidence of progress. Under the continuing supervision of the United Nations and the effective authority of the Minister-Resident, Joseph Ileo, the bureaucrats are dexterously and with an astonishing lack of vindictiveness, assuming key administrative tasks in Elisabethville. Detachments of the Congolese National Army are showing unprecedented discipline as they police the province alongside UN troops, though members of the Katanga Cabinet, who strutted the political stage so long in the masquerade of strongmen, are still dangerous; their shady dealings must for the time being go unpunished.

Only a portion (some $600 million) of the billions missing from the National Bank coffers have been retrieved in Northern Rhodesia, but the deck has been cleared of one Swiss privateer who had an ambitious plan of organizing a take-over by European financial interests of the entire wealth of Katanga. The mining installations are practically undamaged; vital bridges destroyed near Jadotville will soon be rebuilt.

All outstanding business with Belgium will be settled by Adoula in Brussels, when he collects the inheritance of the largest single share of *Union Miniere* stock (16.94 percent) held in escrow by the government. The good faith of the Belgians is no longer doubted; they have understood at last that their enormous stake in the Congo is best preserved by a dynamic and friendly central government in their former territory. To bolster this government, they will facilitate the recruitment of technicians, teachers, agriculturalists and economists. To safeguard against any equivocation, and following the example of other African countries like Nigeria, Adoula will insist that all personnel be assigned to the Congolese civil service, responsible only to the government that contracts their services. Belgian business enterprises, also, will be private. Such is the curious love affair between the two countries, and so great their affinity, that this *Pax Belgica* is the essential precondition to a fresh start.

Adoula inherited the leadership of the country without wanting it and was prevailed upon not to abandon it last December only by US pressure and the promise of support to the end. He is facing up to the challenge with energy and integrity, and with the curious resilience that stems from an intimate awareness of his people's needs which he acquired in his long years as a trade union leader.

As long as he keeps the support of the powerful Mobutu-Lundula (Army) and Ndeka (Security Chief) axis, and the ambivalent blessing of the Chief of State, Adoula probably will survive the hard months ahead. With the help of the industrialized West, taxes and a share in the profits of Katanga's wealth, as well as the benefits associated with the burgeoning Common Market, the Congo may finally take its place in the African continent which its geography and economic resources have destined for it.

Lili Loebl



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# Kennedy's Problem

## *Could He Get More from Congress?*

*by Helen Fuller*

Why can't a Democratic Chief Executive – and one so highly rated in public polls – command more cooperation from a Democratic-controlled Senate and House?

This is the question being thrashed out wherever two or more Kennedy Democrats gather together. Their answers reflect the mood in Washington. The prevailing mood among New Frontiersmen in Congress is one of frustration that so few of the Kennedy campaign goals are being reached. A White House correspondent sympathetic to the Administration last week reported an air of "lassitude and aimlessness" in the Executive offices downtown.

Part of the explanation is seasonal. February is traditionally dull in Washington. Civil servants and newsmen fret out cold gray days while Congressmen fly home to deliver eulogies to Lincoln on his birthday, or seclude themselves in dreary committee hearings.

But there is more to the current discontent. There is growing concern among Kennedy Democrats over the President's declining influence with the Congress and over his seeming resignation to a kind of Government-by-Consensus between himself and the "Establishment" dominated by committee chairmen.

Why can't a popular President with a Congressional majority carry through his legislative program?

One answer begins with a question: How can you make bricks without straw? With so hopeless a Congress as this, from the President's view, how much more can he do than connive and pray that his campaign for re-election produces a *real* legislative majority for his program?

The present Democratic majorities in both houses *are* only nominal. Although there are 67 Democrats and only 33 Republicans in the Senate, 15 to 20 of the Democrats vote regularly against the Administration on almost every controversial domestic issue and on many foreign policy matters as well. The proportion of renegades runs even higher among the Democrats in the House. It will take more than personal charm or Presidential magic to change this fact of life, say the apologists for Administration performance. The only answer, they say, is to elect many more New Frontiersmen to the next Congress.

More serious students of Congress warn against putting too much faith in numbers: increasing the Administration's real as against nominal majority would relieve, but not cure, what basically ails the Kennedy program. For example, Sen. Harry Byrd and Rep. Howard Smith will still remain chairmen of the two committees most obstructive to the President, no matter how many more liberal Democrats the voters send to Washington. The majority will not be able to rule until procedures are changed to prevent minority control through seniority, according to these experts. Their prescription is for the President more actively to encourage his supporters to overturn the conservative hierarchy that thwarts his will by technicalities.

Neither increasing the Democratic majority nor modernizing the rules of Congress can provide a quick-acting remedy, however. The next election is 18 months away. Even with the help of the Presidential coat-tails, Kennedy Democrats are not likely to score a sweeping victory unless the President orders a centrally directed and financed Congressional campaign conducted on the platform of the New Frontier. Will this be done? The recent choice of a chairman for the 1964 Senatorial Campaign Committee does not suggest that it will. The White House permitted Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to decline the offer of the New Frontier's champion campaigner, Hubert Humphrey, to lead the Senate election drive next year. Instead, Mansfield has appointed sedentary Sen. Warren Magnuson of Washington, not noted for his driving attacks, to lead the 1964 battle.

Neither will there be any relief through revision of the rules of Congress, at least for another two years. Bipartisan groups in both houses tried and failed to persuade the President-elect to back broad rules reform at the beginning of the 87th Congress, before his inauguration. They were disappointed, but somewhat sympathetic, when Kennedy decided to fight on only one front at a time, and chose the obstreperous Rules Committee of the House as the target for his first year. It was understandable that a new President, faced from his first moment in office with overwhelming concerns abroad, would give top priority to his responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs.



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Under the circumstances, harmony with the Senate, whose Constitutional approval the President might need in a sudden crisis, seemed more necessary than fighting legislative procedures. It was true too in Kennedy's first Congress that the House of Representatives, not the Senate, was the cockpit. It was there that the Kennedy program was in greatest danger.

But although he left the Senate rules reformers to their own devices in the 87th Congress, the President encouraged them to expect more from him the second time around. In a television interview summarizing his first two years in office, Mr. Kennedy spoke frankly of the four main causes of his previous problems with Congress: the seniority system, which gave his opponents control over legislation at the vital moments; overrepresentation of rural areas; the district-first or state-first attitude of most members; and rules which give the advantage to those who want to block legislation over those who want it adopted.

Considering other special reasons the President had for favoring action over inaction in 1963, the rules reformers expected him to back their cause at the beginning of the new 88th Congress – as he had not in the 87th. But when the time came to approve the Senate rules, Kennedy again chose to stand aside and to wrestle exclusively with the Rules Committee in the House. To the reformers, there was one compelling reason why the President should have encouraged his supporters to face down the ruling powers in the Senate at the beginning of 1963: The bill to which he had assigned first importance – tax revision – was at the mercy of a committee disproportionately weighted against the Administration (both as to geography and ideology) and run in one-man, "balance-the-budget" style by Harry Byrd of Virginia.

In any move to modernize Senate committees so that they would more accurately reflect the will of the Senate – not to mention the will of the White House – Byrd's Finance Committee would have been one of the first to benefit by the addition of new members and by more efficient and democratic methods of operation.

The President, however, preferred, to take his chances with the tax bill in the old-fashioned way. A half-hearted effort by Senator Mansfield to add members to the Finance Committee by consent of the Democratic Steering Committee came to a quick halt when the White House, according to Mansfield, "showed no interest." Rather than rile the Southerners by reorganizing the committees through which they maintain their grip, Kennedy accepted the "Establishment's" collective assurance that neither Senator Byrd nor any other chairman would prevent the major items in his program from coming to a vote in this session.

To a President still beleaguered by foreign threats – Cuba was undoubtedly foremost in his mind at the moment of decision on his position in the rules fight – it is understandable that "harmony" continued to outrank reform. But to a Senator of the President's party who believes in the program on which the President came to power, it is understandable that the lack of White House support on the means to achieve the common end has been frustrating.

Senator Clark may have reason to be the most frustrated of all because he has studied the subject of undemocratic control of Congress more closely than any other Senator in recent years. "We now stand at the beginning of the third session of what might be called a Kennedy Congress," Clark declared on February 19, "but actually it is not a Kennedy Congress, and it seems to me that it is not going to be a Kennedy Congress."

"The principal reason," he elaborated, ". . . is that we are operating under . . . an oligarchic Senate Establishment, a majority of which are opposed to the program of the President." Clark proceeded to dissect the geography and the ideology of the standing committees, as selected by the predominantly Southern Democratic Steering Committee of the Senate. Close study, he found, showed a relationship between the way Senators voted on restricting the power to filibuster in the first days of this new Congress and the committee assignments they subsequently received



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from the Steering Committee. Of Senators applying for a committee assignment who opposed the South on the anti-filibuster issue, only the Majority Leader out of 14 applicants received his first choice. Of Senators who had voted with the South, six out of eight received their first choice of a committee assignment.

The President is no doubt counting for the long run on the fact that the Establishment is dwindling in power. Old Democrats die and new Democrats are elected – some from previously Republican states. Since 1958, the Establishment has lost the chairmanship of five major committees. Perhaps time *is* on the President's side. And habit. JFK's biographer James MacGregor Burns tells us that by nature he is loathe to tamper with established institutions.

The President's personal liaison organization on Capitol Hill has operated under instructions to "get as close to what I want as you can" on every bill. Given a lack of Presidential time to temper it, that instruction has amounted to a directive for conceding too much, too soon. Time has also limited the amount of personal attention the President could give to Congressmen. Several Senators of superior rank have never dined at the White House. Likewise, their experience and background have limited the effectiveness of Mr. Kennedy's legislative lobbyists.

Chief lobbyist Lawrence O'Brien, a Massachusetts man, and most of his staff knew Springfield better than they knew Washington at the start. Their ways of dealing with Massachusetts machine politicians did not always work with US Congressmen. "Congressmen expect respect even if they are bums," commented one critic of the Mafia method of driving straight home to nail down a vote.

In Massachusetts, by report, personal patronage still packs a punch in lining up votes in the legislature. What Congressmen covet more, the Kennedy lobbyists learned, is defense contracts for their districts – plums not subject to manipulation save in dire emergency.

Lacking a reliable majority in either house, rejecting the alternative of trying to take control away from the entrenched minority by legislative main strength, and settling for familiar lobbying techniques, the Administration finds itself stuck with Government-by-Consensus – that is to say, government by agreement with the chairmen of the major committees.

What incentive is there for Administration supporters in Congress to strain themselves to get the letter of the tax bill as submitted by the President, in light of what Mr. Kennedy had to say at a February press conference? "I think we'll get out of Ways and Means a tax bill that will be a consensus – it won't be the bill we sent up – but a good bill," the President remarked almost matter-of-factly.

The two ways in which one would expect a driving, committed Administration to set about escaping the confines of Government-by-Consensus remain almost untried by Kennedy after two years: there is no Kennedy Caucus in regular operation in Congress; and there is no large, sustained campaign to educate the public to the Kennedy point of view.

There is the loosely-organized Democratic Study Group of liberals in the House. But they feel more often than not that the White House takes them for granted – is more concerned with placating enemies than rewarding friends. Their opinions are seldom asked on bills before they are sent up to Congress. It is not uncommon lately to hear liberal Democrats refer to the Kennedy Administration as "they."

Voters are told what the Kennedy Government is doing through press conferences, occasional speeches and the Annual Message delivered by the President. But JFK has proved a sporadic and somewhat impersonal explainer, even on matters he considers vital.

One does not get the feeling that some future historian will write of John F. Kennedy what Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote of Franklin D. Roosevelt: "What he [FDR] really cared about was high politics – not politics as intrigue but politics as education. Nothing government could do mattered much, he deeply believed, unless it was firmly grasped by the public mind. 'The whole fate of what the government is trying to do,' he told the National Emergency Council,' . . . depends, regardless of the election, on an understanding of the program by the mass of the people'."

"And future possibilities of leadership similarly depended on what the people thought and wanted – or could be induced to think and want," Professor Schlesinger added in conclusion.

Who can tell what magic the same philosophy might work with the Kennedy program, even in the 88th Congress?

## *Stacked Deck*

"We are playing now, not with a packed deck, but with a stacked deck. The deck is stacked against the President of the United States, and I want to shuffle that deck so that in the end the President of the United States will have his fair share of trumps and we can play the game with an honest deck of cards.

I am not accusing anybody of dishonesty. I am not accusing anybody of improper motives. I am not accusing anyone of doing anything other than desiring to retain the *status quo*. But the *status quo* is a stacked deck, and all I am trying to do is unstack it, and I do not think the comment that this involves packing [Senate Committees] has much justification."

– SENATOR CLARK, *on floor of the Senate, February 20, 1963*



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# STEPHEN E. SMITH

## *The First Thing To Do with a State Is Carry It*

*by Murray Kempton*

The 1964 election assumes more and more the prospect of a war between two great families. Such wars serve both the needs of party and of family; the needs are not always just the same.

Mercenaries are tempted to fight for themselves; stewards to steal; private volunteers to entertain personal visions above and beyond the family aspirations.

The command then is best trusted to persons who are princes, if not of the blood, at least by connection. And so President Kennedy has dispatched Stephen E. Smith, his brother-in-law, to New York to supervise the holding operation against Nelson Rockefeller. When he resigned last year as the President's adviser on foreign aid, there were reports that Mr. Smith had been released to supervise the family estates. As a further function of the family interest, the President has now assigned him to observe and fortify the Democratic Party, not only of New York, but of Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, all of which have Republican Governors and Democratic parties that are therefore in need of trusteeship. Mr. Smith also has custody of Massachusetts which has a Democratic Governor but is a crown colony.

Each of these states, except Michigan, has at one time or another caused detached observers to wonder whether the Democrats are capable of governing at all. In the case of New York, that question has almost been closed in the negative.

Michigan and Pennsylvania, but lately lost, have passed into one of those intra-Democratic quarrels implicit in the relationship between the reformer and the regular, whose history has been to live in uneasy peace with the spoils and to fight among the ruins. But defeat has become the habit to New York State Democrats, and they were long ago driven from the primitive stage of the two-factional split to the desert which swarms with nomadic bands of regulars unregenerate, regulars reformed, reformers regulated, and reformers pure, each armed against all the others.

New York is, then, the least governable of Stephen Smith's trusteed territories and the most important. It is the citadel of the enemy commander. Nothing, of course, can prevent Rockefeller's breakout, but a holding party cannot let his preparations go unharassed.

Still Stephen Smith looks at a New York Democratic Party too weak and divided even for guerrilla action. He observes it with that amusement which is as characteristic of the Kennedys as bigotry was of the Romanoffs. There are few sights more delightful than a Kennedy before the mold has hardened. Stephen Smith makes any stranger remember what the President was like when he first ran for the Senate and the Attorney-General when he first heard Jimmy Hoffa's name.

For he is very like a Kennedy, even to the family intonations; and, since he gives the impression of having too much character to imitate an in-law, we may explain him as another example of the tendency of sisters in large families to marry young men who remind them of their brothers.

He comes naturally to the family style and the family attitude. One fundamental of that style is the question which would shock, if it came from anyone of innocence less perfected. "Is so-and-so a thief?" he asks, naming the innocent subject of a regional intra-party feud. The cook has come to Stephen Smith and told him that the second maid steals; he would certainly fire the second maid if there were any evidence beyond the cook's malice, but isn't it strange what sorts of passion blaze downstairs?

All this is the highest form of enlightenment in the guardian of a mandated state: he is anxious to see these people move toward self-government and emerge grateful to the protecting colonial power. The tribal feuds puzzle without depressing him; he could hardly believe the natives are serious about anything so petty. It is natural for him to prefer those tribal chiefs who appreciate the sacrifices he and civilization are making for them. Such tribal chiefs, to be sure, are likely to be mercenaries; and Stephen Smith embodies the Kennedy attitude, which is to trust the professional above the dedicated volunteer.

The Pennsylvania Democrats are torn now by the reformist attacks of Sen. Joseph Clark on Rep. William Green, their party's Philadelphia chairman.

"Why," Stephen Smith asks, "should a Democratic Senator attack a Democratic Congressman?" Senator



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Clark may only be wondering how to make the Democratic Party an instrument capable of governing his city and his state. Night thoughts of this kind do not occur to the Kennedys; they have an old-fashioned idea that the first thing to do with a state is to carry it.

They are not comfortable with reformers. Minnesota may inspire some Democrats as an example of how a party can be revived by aroused volunteers; but it could hardly inspire the Kennedys, since those volunteers voted in the majority for Stevenson against every dictate of common sense at the 1960 Democratic convention. Mayor Wagner of New York City has neatly summed up the Kennedy attitude. In 1961, Wagner formed a fighting alliance with Democratic reformers, who had little in common with him beyond a distaste for Carmine De Sapio, then leader of Tammany Hall. Wagner and the reformers beat De Sapio, whose surviving lieutenants promptly enlisted with the Mayor. Wagner took them back, rewarded them with the modest stations which are all they ever ask, and was surprised to hear the reformers protest.

"I guess I just get along with these fellows better than I do with you," Wagner finally admitted to one affronted reformer. "They accommodate better."

The Kennedys, like Wagner, are less comfortable with the man who comes asking only what he can do for the party than with the man who asks only what the party can do for him. And, for them, the regulars are not merely accommodating; they gratify family and feudal sentiment. Many of the older machine leaders are friends of the President's father; these are politicians of the sort the Kennedys grew up with, images of trusted and beloved retainers. Stephen Smith's pleasantest hours on his mandate to New York seem to have been spent with Congressman Charles Buckley, Democratic leader of the Bronx.

"Charley told me I should stop bothering about New York and start worrying about California. 'Didn't you read about that Jess Unruh going up to Yale? I told De Sapio the first time he went up to Yale that he was finished'."

Smith's laugh is a salute to old Mose who knows the damage intellectual self-improvement can do to his class and his kind.

### *Resentment in New York*

Mayor Wagner has been titular leader of the New York Democrats ever since he defeated Buckley and De Sapio in the 1961 New York City primary. He has been earnestly trying to dislodge Buckley as Bronx leader ever since. To see Buckley rise to the status of counseler to the President's ambassador could hardly comfort the Mayor, who might reasonably expect a visitor to respect his prejudices. But Stephen Smith has even conferred with the fallen De Sapio, who remains Democratic National Committeemen from New York and is capable of every sort of good manners except resignation, and found him charming. The news of De Sapio's audience with Mr. Smith so inflated rumors of the secret but awful power he still exercises that a visitor to De Sapio's office afterwards could hardly move for the sudden crush of suitors.

De Sapio talked regretfully about how painful it is to him that the Mayor is so vindictive. "You know," he said near the end, "I made one mistake. I should have said to Buckley, 'Charley, we live in the age of political hypocrisy, and we might just as well go along with the reformers'." He had been consoled now by meeting in Mr. Smith a man resistant to the age of hypocrisy.

For all the majesty of his name, Stephen Smith is careful to hold himself forth as a minipotentiary. "We can't do much for these fellows," he says. "What patronage there was is gone." It had been assumed, to be sure, that with his primary victory, Mayor Wagner had won dispensing power for federal patronage in New York City. Under this theory, Edward Costikyan, the Wagnerian reformer who had succeeded De Sapio as New York County leader, wrote the Internal Revenue Service to ask if there were any jobs. The IRS replied that faithful and qualified persons should report to the United States Employment Service. Mr. Smith comes to this battleground armed against the indiscretion of rewarding anyone's friends or, for that matter, punishing anyone's enemies.

Resentment is the only common language of New York City Democrats. The conflicts that resentment describes make it impossible for Stephen Smith's diplomatic mission to succeed; and the facts of politics make that failure irrelevant. Mr. Kennedy could only lose New York State by some act of his own; even the New York Democrats could not contrive to lose it for him.

But, if his primary mission is unnecessary, Stephen Smith still has the secondary one of inspiring the Democrats to some show of resistance to Governor Rockefeller in the legislature. There are personal and historical reasons why this cannot be done.

New York does not have a two-party system. It has a Democratic Party representing New York City and a Republican Party representing the rest of the state. The Democratic delegation to the legislature has no real function except to bargain collectively with the Governor for increased aid to New York City which is $200 million short in its budget this year. Whatever partisan impulses the Mayor of New York has are subordinate to the condition that he is a beggar at a Republican Governor's door. The key proposal in the Democratic Party's legislative program this year is to make off-track betting legal to provide revenue for the city. Beyond that, the Democrats can only decry Gov-



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ernor Nelson Rockefeller's own revenue program.

Stephen Smith has already decided that the New York Democrats can only recover as a state party by escaping their control by the city. William McKeown, their state chairman, is from Auburn; and though he owes his job to Mayor Wagner, even so he has a healthy distaste for New York City.

"There's a good little fellow," says Steve Smith, for the moment an amateur reformer. "I'm going to try and get him a little money for research."

But all that is speculation that has little to do with the immediate future. The Democrats of New York neither can be nor need to be put into respectable shape for 1964. A Wagnerian of substance pointed out last week that John F. Kennedy was the one Democratic politician with no cause for personal worry about his party's disarray in New York and wondered therefore why Stephen Smith had come here. It was suggested to him that the Kennedys do have a family habit of overdefending.

"Don't kid me," the Wagnerian answered. "They're not binding us up for the '64 campaign; they're trying to tie us up for the 1968 convention. The only thing this party's got is more than 100 convention delegates. Look at those states: Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan – none with a Governor – all undefended – you get them and New York and who can stop you from the nomination? Steve's here to sew up '68 for Bobby Kennedy."

That is how far beyond reason resentment can carry a New York Democrat. The idea is, if not unthinkable, hardly being thought about at this moment in terms so calculated. And yet, if experience has not made the rest of us resentful, it should by now have taught us that when the Kennedys do begin to think about the tide of history, they usually recognize how much a part of the national interest the family interest is.

# Wandering African Intellectuals

*by Wilton Dillon*

On August 15, 1962, the *New York Times* reported that riots had occurred between African and Bulgarian students in Sofia. The trouble apparently did not end there. The *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent wrote from Vienna February 16 that between 350 and 500 embittered young African students have decided to leave Bulgaria because the country's Communist regime refused permission for them to start an All-African Student Union at Sofia University and Bulgarian technical training schools. The Associated Press quoted the students as charging that the Communist authorities ignored their requests for improvements in living and studying conditions. Some of them complained of racial discrimination, language trouble, indoctrination.

The Associated Negro Press of Chicago picked up some quotes from two Ghanaians, Robert Kotey and Kofi Buckel, now in Vienna, adding to the impression that African students had been insulted in Sofia, called "black monkeys" and "jungle people," and that studies "in a Communist country are a bloody waste of time." Boris Vaptsarov, first deputy minister of education and culture of Bulgaria, touring Los Angeles at the time the riots occurred, told an Associated Negro Press reporter that "I can't conceive that this could happen because it's alien to my country and people." He claimed that the rioting undoubtedly was caused by "outside agents of the imperialists . . . rulers of the African countries until they recently gained their freedom." Vaptsarov denied that ideological training is required, though "students studying economics would naturally have to study the Communist economy, too." He also blamed "imperialist agents" for spreading rumors (false) that African students were affected with venereal diseases; that medical examinations were given to refute the charges and the results were made known to the student body and general public. More than half of the 1,000 foreign students in Bulgaria, he said, come from African countries, adding "the primary reason for offering African students scholarships is our human desire to help these backward countries."

Newscasts in New York later reported that our Department of State was planning a quick response to the departing students' requests to study in Western Europe. No doubt some of them will find their way to American institutions to join the bright and lively African student population here in a country where African student organizations flourish, where African

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student newsletters, and an elaborate set of foreign student advisory services in our universities, provide useful channels for gripes and suggestions about how to improve their own *and* American modes of life.

I know nothing of the Sofia disturbances beyond the news accounts, but as a student of African intellectual life for the past several years and as a recent guest of Africans in Belgrade, I hope that the United States will refrain from a too eager embrace of the disaffected students with an attitude of "I told you so." We wisely held our tongues and our applause in 1961 when the Republic of Guinea suffered some irritations with the Soviets; we are sophisticated enough now to know how unrewarding it is to woo disappointed lovers on the rebound. Our own cultural diplomacy *vis-à-vis* the African students ought to give them alternatives to study in Bulgaria if they want it and if we have the means on our austere cultural budget. However, we should not be misled by the Sofia affair into thinking that this is the beginning of the end of African student traffic with Communist or socialist societies.

### *Pick and Choose*

Yugoslavia and the so-called "bloc countries" – in varying degrees – will likely have a continued appeal as places of study so long as: (a) the doctrine of "non-alignment" persists in Africa; (b) Africans consider capitalism as "wicked selfishness" and socialism as "brotherly sharing"; and (c) Eastern and Western countries alike continue unwittingly to invite student "defections" by competing with each other by offering scholarships as a means of luring Africans into their respective cultural, economic and ideological orbits. The *volkerwanderung* of Africans – to Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Israel, Brazil, France, Holland, the Soviet Union, Puerto Rico, China, the United States, Germany, India, Japan etc. is a part of a world-wide intellectual scramble for Africa. The students and their home governments take advantage of this state of affairs to try, quite naturally, to better their own lot. Sometimes they can do this by threatening to "pick up my bags and leave" (to "the other side") if they do not get what they want.

Even if this were not so, wanderlust and a healthy curiosity – not to mention the search for education which will bring money, power and prestige at home – still may drive Africans to appear on educational doorsteps behind various curtains, iron, bamboo and otherwise, moving back and forth across ideological frontiers as whims and scholarship funds permit.

"I want to study in *any* of your institutions *any* of your subjects," Africans have told me, in countless ways, in the new or nearly independent states. Members of the Soviet observer delegation, sitting alphabetically next to our US observer delegation at the UNESCO conference on African universities in Tananarive last September, told us that they have similar experience with African students approaching them for chances to study overseas, "any subject, anywhere." One of the Russians added that he was "quite aware that we do not get the best students; the best qualified naturally seek to go first to countries where they already know the language of instruction, and as the Soviets had no colonies in Africa, few Africans know Russian at first." He also pointed out that the USSR has to work out African scholarship programs on a "government-to-government" basis, and "African governments usually send us the 'left-overs'."

Whatever the politics of scholarships, if past tendencies are a clue, the future leaders of Africa will change – somewhat like the wandering scholars of medieval Europe – not only their institutions and subjects, but their country of study. This is an historical period when Africans, perhaps more than any other people of student age, are discovering the whole universe. Being free of colonial rule, and not yet industrialized to the point that careers demand great specialization, Africans are enjoying a unique chance to explore beyond their previously restricted frontiers. The great new growth of universities in Africa will do little to cut down the desire to see and taste the world beyond.

"We would be foolish," a Ghanaian told me in Belgrade, as we stood watching the arrival of the Soviet president last October, "not to take advantage of what we can get from everybody. Of course, we know that this makes us seem fickle and undiscriminating, but now that we are in control of our own country, we know what is best for us. Belonging to no big power bloc, we are free to pick and choose from the whole world what is useful in the building of Ghana."

If such eclectic viewpoints are typical of the Ghana patroits, they were no less typical in neighboring Togo where the recently assassinated President Sylvanus Olympio told me in 1961 of his desire for Togo students to study all over the world. Though labeled "pro-Western" by our own press at the time of his tragic death, Olympio said that he did not want young Togolese to fall into a French, British, German, American or any other foreign mold. For science, engineering and habits of work, he preferred Togo's old colonizers, the Germans, as teachers of the Togolese, but "non-alignment" in Togo also meant an open door to scholarship offers from: the French – who still provide the majority; indeed they underwrite almost all of Togo's higher educational needs – the Chinese, Russians, Bulgarians (Togo students were among the unhappy group leaving Sofia), Yugoslavs, et al, and a welcome to Harris Wofford, Jr., President Kennedy's former special assistant, when he arrived in Lomé to negotiate a Peace



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Corps project. (Olympio's own sons were sent to neighboring Ghana for secondary school studies and perfecting their English at Achimota College, and later to Britain, where he had studied for sometime at the London School of Economics.)

Of course, such intellectual open-door policies are not without their risks – for the Africans *and* their host countries. (Ghana has had her own "foreign student problem" with a few malcontents among the Somali, Mozambique and Angola students invited there with Ghana scholarships, but Ghana is enjoying some success in her desire to become "a mecca of learning." The students making their exodus from Bulgaria seem to have some genuine grievances. The Bulgarians, wanting "to help backward people," and to enjoy the pleasure of being a donor-teacher nation, probably feel hurt by these displays of "ingratitude." Perhaps they were less familiar than the United States with these psychological booby-traps of foreign aid, when the recipient turns on the donor through lack of reciprocity in the relationship. Perhaps they knew less than we about the sensitivity of some Africans to treatment that smacks of racial discrimination. And could it be that the Bulgarians were frightened by the Africans' organizational skills and irreverance toward authority to the extent the African "trouble-makers" had to be deported to prevent setting bad examples for the natives? We will know the African version of the specific details once the usual "de-briefing" sets in as other countries, possibly including the US, move in to interview the disgruntled students and welcome them to "our side."

We might well expect some new additions to the small body of literature by students "defecting" from Communist countries – exposés of the genre of *The Tiger's Back; Six Years Under Communism* by *a Nigerian*, a 1962 book written by Aderogba Ajao and published in England, or *Les Sovetiques et l'Afrique* by Ayih-Dosseh, a Togo student returned from the University of Moscow.

### *The Ideology Institute*

Yet, given certain constants in African students' behavior, and their ability to shift positions and attitudes under the banner of "non-alignment," we should not be too sanguine about our own chances of avoiding becoming a target for charges of racial discrimination and political indoctrination, just like the Bulgarians, the Russians, etc. An opportunistic alumnus of Columbia University in one West African country, later assigned as head of an ideological training institute for political party workers, showed me scars on his head which, he alleged, had been put there by some Georgia whites in 1954. He followed this by the question, for which he expected no serious answer from me, "When are you going to stop the United States from its policy of hanging Negroes?" I later learned that he had wanted me to circulate stories about this absurd question so that his superiors would know that he was "on the job," that he had not been "brainwashed" by the Americans. He also reminded me, in an aside, that this is the kind of talk I might expect "here at the institute where everything is ideology," but that in the privacy of a university we could "talk sociology," even to the extent of his explaining to me the puzzling thought processes behind charges made by some of his party comrades, that Great Britain had "murdered Hammarskjold."

The words of the young ideologist, who had sat in classrooms in Atlanta and New York, should not be taken as typical of African students' respect for evidence, or as a reflection of his "truthfulness" or the quality of his American experience. That conversation, however, dramatized for me the lesson that we Americans – or the hapless Bulgarians – should not waste a lot of emotional energy feeling hurt and rejected by such seeming "ingratiates." Attorney General Robert Kennedy's understandable desire to "explain what America stands for" – in situations where students throw tomatoes and naughty words at American officials – would have been further frustrated at such African ideological institutes. We should not be surprised that ideas, slogans and techniques learned in the outside world will be used for internal and local political purposes related to "nation-building," and self-promotion. Besides, African students, like other human beings, should not be expected to speak always like logicians. Nor should we, in this questionnaire-and-pollster culture of ours, always take literally what people say, especially those who do not speak English as a native tongue.

So there are chances for misunderstanding on all sides as the wandering African intellectuals liven up and give a cosmopolitan air to educational institutions around the world. But there are also rewards for us, and the Africans' Communist hosts, if we all see something to emulate or envy in the Africans' quest for education on "any subject, anywhere." Whether capitalist, Communist or "mixed economy," the countries offering scholarships to Africans might well remember the observation Joyce Cary made in his prefatory note to a recent edition of *The African Witch:*

> "The problem of education . . . is full of uncerties and dangers. We must educate the Africans as fast as we can. And the Africans will take education because they eagerly desire it. They want it at any cost, not because it will give them peace and happiness, but for the same reason they desire wealth . . . to satisfy need, to create some glory and dignity for themselves and those they love."



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# The Golden Rule

*by Asher Brynes*

There is more to the suspension of American dollar aid to Ceylon, the first action of this kind taken by the Administration under the Hickenlooper Amendment to last year's Foreign Aid Appropriations Act, than meets the eye. Nobody in the AID Agency wanted to cut off economic assistance funds to Ceylon. There were several postponements before the axe fell. And the cuts were made only where the law, which was vigorously opposed by the Administration at the time of its consideration in the Congress, forced the Agency's hand.

This law provides that aid to countries which do not take reasonable action to reimburse American private investors whose properties have been seized, shall be suspended six months after the date of the seizure. The policy development which ultimately crystallized in that legislation began, in all probability, just about a year ago. In February, 1962, the Governor of the Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul, a brother-in-law of President Joao Goulart, seized the American-owned telephone system in his district which was valued by its owners at some $8 million. Within the week the State Department, concerned about the effect of this action on the flow of US private investment funds into Brazil, issued the following statement:

"We acknowledge the right of a government to expropriate property belonging to nationals of other countries for public purposes if provision is made for the payment of prompt, adequate and effective compensation. However, when a government expropriates existing resources or uses its own funds to buy out existing operations, rather than using these funds to create new wealth, new jobs and new taxpayers to increase productivity, this action appears to be a step backward in the mobilization of available resources for . . . the Alliance for Progress."

The thinking behind this statement is that US economic assistance, which is of course programmed for the support of new developments, should not facilitate the release of local government funds for the purchase of old developments, *i.e.*, existing enterprises established and operated by private investors. Available local capital should also be earmarked, according to this thinking, for the establishment of new economic projects. The issue of state *v* private enterprise was implicitly omitted in this formulation.

By the time this came to a head in the Congress last June, Ceylon had thrown more fuel on the fire. Had someone undertaken to instruct the Ceylonese on how to arouse sleeping Congressmen he could not have done a better job. For what they did was to seize a number of oil distributing facilities (in plain English, gas stations and storage tanks) belonging to two US companies that had been operating in the country for more than 40 years; and on the same day certain of the seizures occurred, tankers from the Soviet Union, which had been standing by in Colombo harbor, started pumping petroleum into these facilities.

A few days later the Ceylon Government announced that it had signed five-year contracts with the Soviet Union and Rumania providing adequate supplies of oil at prices lower than those charged by the foreign companies. These contracts, it said, not only provided a cost advantage, but included a clause stipulating payment in kind rather than in cash. The Communist oil trust would take Ceylonese export commodities in exchange.

Up to this time Soviet-bloc vessels had not been able to refuel at any ports east of Suez, wherever US-owned facilities provided bunkering service. Soviet shipmasters are, apparently, under standing orders not to reveal their cargo manifests to US authorities, and the American companies have refused to do business with them. Colombo in Ceylon is a fine place for such refueling; it it has a well-sheltered harbor which never freezes over.

Of course there were protests. "International investment," as one of the companies involved said at the time, "cannot continue to exist other than in a climate of honor and trust. When one side can suddenly change the rules, further investment is frightened away and common sense sets up a warning to all." The same company added, as if to rub in the point, that it welcomed competition, but not through the expropriation of its properties. The seizure of these facilities for operation by the government-owned Ceylon Petroleum Corporation, in conjunction with a pair of Communist contracts for supplying oil at lower-than-world prices, was simply a method for going socialist on the cheap.

"Ceylon is an independent country," its government announced in retaliation, "pursuing its chosen foreign policy, and no matter who owned the bunkering facilities, the determination as to whether or not these facilities should be denied any country is a sovereign decision resting with the government and not within the competence of the oil companies." The force of the argument is somewhat diluted, however,



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by the fact that there is no record of any timely warning by Ceylon to the oil companies to service Soviet shipping on penalty of expropriation. The Soviets are pushing their petroleum in about 15 other countries in much the same way, always on the cheap – and wrapped up with encouragement to the local governments to seize foreign-owned refining, storage, and distribution facilities for themselves.

When the AID agency axed the "dollar component" of its program in Ceylon under the terms of the Hickenlooper Amendment, it nevertheless left more than twice as much US economic assistance to Ceylon untouched. Some 72 percent of United States aid is still continuing because it is not subject to such legislation. The suspension affected only the uncommitted balance of a $3.2 million development loan and some $800,000 of development grants funds. The former was programmed for the improvement of facilities (to handle international jet planes) at the Katunayake Airport, which serves Colombo; the latter was to have paid for the cost of what the AID agency calls Technical Assistance, *i.e.*, agricultural extension activities, and the training of Ceylonese administrative and other technicians, mostly in the US.

The considerable Food for Peace program in Ceylon continues undisturbed. It supports the following activities: a school lunch program under which almost 2 million Ceylonese children receive a midday meal, and some 70,000 mothers and infants are fed at health centers. The cost of this effort, under Title III (donations) of Public Law 480 is budgeted at $4.7 million. An equal amount of foodstuffs has just been made available to the Ceylonese Government under Title I of the same law, which provides for the sale of similar American foodstuffs for soft or non-negotiable currencies; the Ceylonese rupees received by the US as the result of this transaction will go into a blocked account, available for spending only within the country itself. Most funds of this type are given back to the Government of Ceylon for expenditure on development projects of its own. Such funds now total $500,000.

In total, US economic assistance in the sum of $9.9 million continues to be available to the people of Ceylon, against some $3.8 million of other aid, which has been suspended.

Nevertheless, on hearing the news of the suspension on February 9 Mr. P. B. G. Kalugale, Ceylon's Finance Minister, said that "the whole world will condemn" the US decision, "we hope that our genuine friends will come to our assistance." The leader of the opposition party in Ceylon issued a contrary statement: "Acquisition without compensation of private property, whether belonging to Ceylonese citizens or to foreigners, is a kind of robbery."

How effective is the Hickenlooper Amendment likely to be in protecting US private investments abroad? Not very, for it is too crude an implement of diplomacy. The recent settlement of the seizure of the US-owned telephone properties in Brazil on terms which the International Telephone and Telegraph people have announced to be fair compensation, however, makes it quite unlikely that such a suspension clause in the Foreign Aid Appropriation Act can be cut out of this year's legislation. Congressmen will point to the record, and say the threat of suspension works. To be sure, it may work sometimes – like a blackjack. But among those on whom it is used it must foster the idea that the US Government and American capitalists are in cahoots, with the latter huckstering their high-profit private investments in underdeveloped countries and the former stepping in later to enforce the collection of debts on their behalf.

If a mixture of US private and public capital is required to aid economic development in underdeveloped countries, and that is the official position of the State Department today, the Hickenlooper Amendment should itself be amended so that the impact of it bears upon the loan or investment component only, *and does not involve suspension of US grant funds too.* As things stand, the principle back of suspension of all economic aid for which funds have been specifically appropriated by the Congress is punitive rather than businesslike. If public or AID *loans only* were affected by such action, the point would be that a lender who arbitrarily voids or modifies an agreement and refuses to negotiate in good faith has, as a consequence of such action, lost his creditworthiness – and further loans to him, whether public or private, are unjustified. This is a rule that countries which hope to do business with the rest of the world in a normal way at some future date should be asked to learn.

## *Other People's Property*

"Sir, there is nothing that you may not muster up some plausible arguments for. Why there, now, is stealing; why should it be considered as a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, I see no harm in one man's taking the property of another from him. Besides, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property and how much better use the thief would make of it, I think it is a very allowable practice. And yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing that they make no scruple to hang a man for it." –*Reported by James Boswell in his Journal for 20 July 1763* (Boswell's London Journal: 1762-1763, *New York, 1950, page 315.*)



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# The Uses of Anti-Americanism

*by Benjamin DeMott*

Item: Balliol and Fleet St., meeting in the person of Raymond Mortimer, have denounced Yankee-hating as "a deadly sin" . . . Item: aging Angries are crying up The States freshly as a Fun Place (all that jazz, etc.) . . . Item: young Leavisites like Martin Green have turned pro-American and are running on (at home) about the ruddy decent non-tenure chaps at work in our departments of Eng Lit . . . Item: Ian Watt, a trueborn English critic who labored for years in California has just been brought back to the homeland to manage a revolutionary English educational institution modeled after the American "liberal arts college" . . . – By the look of these and other telltales, a new English crusade against academic and literary anti-Americanism is about to be mounted: does the effort stand a ghost of a chance?

*The American Invasion*
by Francis Williams
(Crown; $3.95)

Sober Research begins its study of the question by weighing the likelihood of another Skybolt episode – another outbreak in England, that is, of public hostility to the US. And there is much to be said for this line of approach. Anti-Americanism is a general cultural phenomenon, something best understood in terms of overarching historical and socio-economic considerations – as for example the truth that the American capacity to produce objects worth hating is not decreasing (you still get a lot to dislike in our boroughs), or the truth that the English capacity to restrain envy is not increasing (national peevishness is a function of national decline). Yet there are certain circumstances nurturing the growth of anti-Americanism among bookish folk that deserve to be called unique. And for that reason a sound estimate of the prospects of literary anti-anti-Americanists requires scrutiny of Yankee-hating in specifically literary terms.

The first fruit of such scrutiny, descending at once to particulars, is the disclosure that for English writers the Matter of anti-Americanism is a valuable aesthetic resource. Not every litterateur can master the stuff, and many who could master it have found that the Matter of pro-Americanism better suits their talents. (Pro-Americans tend on the whole to possess comic gifts). But the anti-American writer is a highly advantaged man. Strong appeals to his moral sensibility may induce him to undertake a re-examination of his prejudice – but the flat fact is that he cannot afford even to think of giving up that prejudice unless resources comparable to those it has developed are placed within his reach.

The resources mentioned are classifiable under four rubrics – *Tone*, *Vocabulary*, *Genre*, and *Metaphor*. And of these four the tonal resource ranks first in importance – which is to say, the commonest bookish use of the Matter of anti-Americanism at present is as a means of deepening one's literary voice or persona. That the literary need for such aids is acute is beyond question. Writers determined to show themselves forth as flexible, complicated men must provide themselves with issues or subjects that can be confronted in complicated ways. And in England as in America the latter are in short supply. A display of pure, or technical, intelligence is, to be sure, feasible in discussion of some contemporary issues. But few issues permit the man who addresses them to exhibit, say, responsiveness to the biddings of both head and heart, or adeptness at maintaining contradictory feelings in perilous balance. (Who but a hipster, for instance, could work out a complex position *vis à vis* the desirability of peace?) And it is precisely this sort of exhibition that the anti-American writer is superbly well-situated to stage.

That the case is thus owes much to the centrality, in the anti-American matter, of a figure whose very presence has the effect of enormously complicating the feelings (and therefore the thoughts, and therefore the self-portrait) of every outsider who approaches him. This figure – call him The Exceptional American, the rose in our national dungheap who somehow makes your fair square English visitor stop and think – appears in various forms. His outline, like that of most stock characters in folk or mythic matter, is simple, which means that he is as pliant to journalists as the old questing knights, dying kings, talking lions and unlucky lovers once were to poets. And he turns up anywhere and earns his living anyhow. Francis Williams, in the shabby little treatise at hand, found his Exceptional Native American at the University of California, where the fellow was working as Chairman of the department to which Williams was attached during his recent tour of duty at Berkeley. Lord Kinross, in *Innocents At Home* (1960), found his Exceptional Native in New York – the man was a cabdriver/artist. The Exceptional Natives discovered by Stephen Spender and Cyril Connolly in the 1950's were certain anti-American American writers, local chaps sharp enough to hate the US with their own sacred rage. And Sir Charles Snow's Exceptional Natives are, as might be guessed, the members of whatever American audience he happens to be addressing on any given night.

But what counts much more than the Exceptional American's pliancy (or, as one might venture, ubiquity) is his capacity to stimulate inward debate in the English writers who encounter him. For it is as a witness of this debate that the reader comes to awareness that the speaking writer is a genuinely supple mind – someone whose thoughts run deep and slow, a person who, confronted with overwhelming evidence of national beastliness, nevertheless struggles with himself before accepting it as



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the Whole Story. In the course of that struggle some English writers have dramatized themselves simultaneously as moral men and as sinners. (The poet Spender remarks that "the American malady is a spiritual one, the commercialization of spiritual goods on an enormous scale," and then adds – because of an encounter with an Exceptional – that "I love America.") Others have managed to define themselves as traditionalists flexible enough to value breaks with tradition. (Kinross, who went everywhere and saw everything – Yale, Texas, other representative spots – bemoaned the lack of coherent life in "The United States of Suburbia," yet added that, through the Exceptionals, he was put in possession of "new loves, new hopes, new memories, new ideas. . . ." Cyril Connolly, whose small joke it was to speak of us as "El Dollarado," coupled with that epithet an assertion that we had "improved on" some elemental "European virtues.") And still others have found means of showing forth a nearly astonishing quality of *forgiveness*. (On his last trip through, Sir Charles, speaking to American students on the inferiority of American institutions of learning, described himself as "one who loves you very very much," and let fall, in a tone of Zossimane reconciliation, that he was thinking of coming among our midst to live after his retirement. Francis Williams described Americans as "charitable locusts," "bored," "pathetic," "adolescent," "Status-ridden," "sheeplike," "imprisoned," "conformist," and "drunk with words" – and then burst forth with the contradictory passion of Karamazov père: "Dear hospitable, warmhearted, nervous people, how much I like you. . . .") The matter of anti-Americanism, in short, virtually guarantees the writer who exploits it an opportunity for betraying largeness of soul.

And, as indicated, this writer earns other rewards as well. If he is the sort of man who experiences difficulty in turning swift bright phrases, he can find in the names attached to a variety of hateworthy American objects – Babytenda, BBQ, Boilermaker, Bunny, etc. – that which will lend pizazz to any sentence, however ill contrived. If he is mucking on with a tiresome subject, he can rouse it to fascinating life in a minute, merely by recalling an instance, relevant or otherwise, of American depravity. (David Holbrook interrupts a sagging chapter of his *English For Maturity* [1962] – the subject is how to teach poetry to English schoolboys and girls – with an exciting summary of Eugene Kinkead's pieces on the "cowardice" of American soldiers in Korea.) Or, if the writer is disposed to the belief that some neglected form – the Gothic novel, perhaps – ought to be revived, he can easily find ways of energizing it in this matter. It is probably not too much to say, in fact, that the anti-American matter amounts to the largest repository of terror materials now available to the English mind. Evelyn Waugh has drawn upon these materials to limn a land where corpses are never planted. Kinross was inspired by a smidgen of overheard talk at "21" to posit a community – he locates it in South Carolina – in which food for human consumption is cooked by atomic radiation. Williams creates a world of "casual fornication and marijuana," wherein teenagers never arrive home before 2 a.m. and high school boys shoot any teacher who flunks them, where grownups "cower at home immobilized by the immense mobility of [our] society . . ." or hide in "bi-level brunch bars," "Living Forums," or "mud rooms." (The *crise de terreur* in Williams' Gothic book involves highway building in California. A couple whose house lies in the path of a proposed highway is evicted by moonlight and forced to seek other shelter:

> "The Highways Department slapped down an order, told you the usually quite inadequate price it proposed to pay in compensation, forbade you to remove anything from either house or garden since you were being paid, however poorly, for the place as it stood so that it could cease to do so with the minimum of delay – and that was that.)"

And then, finally, there is a gift of metaphor implicit in the Matter of anti-Americanism. The value of this last gift cannot, admittedly, be stated in a word. To perceive it the outsider must work for a grasp of problems in social nomenclature – *i.e.*, What shall the Superior call his Inferior? – that does not come easily to an American. As should be said, the problems in question have only quite recently emerged in England: when the old labels of social "degree" (yeoman,

## *From Attica*

If you gave me a golden necklace of Cretan design,
Fashioned for a young throat,
Or two gold cups from Mycenae, carved with bulls,
The roaring bull captured in a net,
Or a bull quiet, under trees, in pasture,
What could I do with them?

If I had two sons I would give one cup to each,
If I had a daughter I would see the necklace on her throat.
The sons would grow to be men and die in battle,
The daughter would wed a conqueror and wear his python ring.
My jewels would fill a coffer at my burial place,
Long after you and I had been forgotten.

Give me instead a rough lyre from the Cyclades
With its one strong cord,
To make a new song
Above the ancient echoes.
Not of battle or of conquest,
But for lovers only
In their secret histories;
They have plucked the red myrtle of Aphrodite
Here on her own ground.

Katherine Garrison Chapin



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churl, apprentice, gentleman, knight) lost force, replacements for them were at first easily and rapidly found. (Toward the end of the eighteenth century, for example, the Duchess of Buckingham laid it down that since chapel and country folk were "most repulsive and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect toward their superiors," they were best spoken of simply as "common wretches that crawl the earth.") Yet with the advent of the social conscience, naming the inferiors emerged as a genuine problem. E. M. Forster met it, with humane self-mocking irony, by trusting the phrase "the very poor" ("We are not concerned with the very poor. They are unthinkable"). But when the very poor ceased to be very poor, the phrase no longer served. Miss Mitford, working from above, tried U and non-U; Messrs. Hogart, Raymond Williams, and Wollheim, working from below, tried Them and Us – but neither effort was successful. What was wanted was a terminology which, neutral or even anthropological on its face, nevertheless would express a measure of the traditional or inherited distaste for "base mechanicals." (As Anthony Sampson of *The Observer* recently noted, the sense of class difference in England has grown more intense, not less, in the postwar era.) And it is here that the metaphorical resources of anti-Americanism have performed their brilliant service.

An inkling of the nature of this service can be gathered from Francis Williams' book. Written in an easy, mean-spirited manner by an OBE, life peer, and former governor of the BBC, *The American Invasion* is, in the main, an ordinary piece of Yankee-baiting. The prime assumption of its author, who succeeded Sir Charles in a boodle appointment ("Regents Professor") at the University of California in 1961, is that America has never been an open society, and has always been coarse, crude, "conformist" in conscience. The book's moments of special piquancy occur, as hinted before, when the visitor deals with the Exceptionals who, in the homely phrase, got him into the big money ("When we were first arrived in California, the Chairman of the University Department to which I was attached, and his wife, who were to become two of the dearest friends we have known in our lives . . ."). And occasionally the author takes up the argument that gave him his title – namely that American money is buying up England. Williams notes that 800 American-controlled firms are now operating in his country, that the Safeway chain is about to start business there, that American investment in British industry is currently ten times higher than it was before the war, and is "increasing at an average rate of well over 13 and a half percent annually," and that as a consequence England will shortly be only another consumer goods waste land. ("What American business is seeking to export to Britain is not just money but American civilization and an American way of life. In an economy tied to a spiralling consumer demand this is the necessary concomitant of success.")

Standard stuff. And the details of the nightmare quality of individual American lives are also for the most part familiar. But the thesis and the details do combine to create a context in which the key metaphor in question – one that likens the English clod to the representative American – can effectively be drawn. And at the moment this metaphor is introduced, Williams rises to eloquence. His mode of approach, as should be granted, is conventional. English expressions of class prejudice have ever been accompanied by allusions to a golden age of natural noblemen: the man who announces his distaste for the working class types of his own time invariably recalls a day when the same chaps were the salt of the earth. And Williams abides by this rule. Before speaking of the present he offers an image of Burnley in Lancashire in former days – Burnley the cotton town, full of oldstyle merry factory life, a place where men and women were "tough, idiosyncratic, humorous and independent. . . ." He acknowledges in manful voice that conditions of industry were "rough" in ye times, and that traces of ugliness were to be found in the back-to-back houses, but he gives it as his view that Burnley in those days was "a community in which everyone knew everyone else" and the family was "a tight, self-dependent unit." Whereas today Burnley's business is newstyle light industry: the factories are "bright and clean," places where "women workers sit in bright crisp nylon overalls, doing the same thing over and over and over." Gone the charm of the back-to-back houses. Gone the challenging labor of the "weaving sheds." And gone too the feeling for the Auld Ones, the near ones and dear ones. What remains —

Here of course is the crux. What are the "remainders," to be called? To repeat, primal caste terms – "common wretches" and the like – are Out. Yet the old impulse to contempt, the old incapacity to probe for the humanness that, in England or in America, resides within every living man, is still strong. (Williams scornfully remarks at one point that ". . . the majority [of the workers] are happy in their work. It leaves them with unengaged minds. They can dream while their fingers follow their intricate but repetitive patterns.") The clear task is to find terms for the Inferiors that will neither outrage egalitarianism nor wholly blunt the necessary edge of scorn. And exactly these terms are implicit in The Metaphor. Mr. Williams recalls that, on his last visit to the factories at Burnley, he confronted a worker and asked her what she thought about as she worked. "My boy-friend and I going to America," was the answer. He runs on to observe not that the woman's answer expresses a tough, idiosyncratic desire that the chubby visiting guvnor arse off, but that it reveals an appalling, or echt American, emptiness of mind. He then links the answer with others offered in similar interviews ("Another [worker said:] 'I think of my new hair-do and what's on the telly and why can't we have some of those drug stores they have in America?' ") And he finishes by quoting a plant supervisor who nails the case tight: "Yes, I think you could say they [the workers] are getting Americanized. . . ."

If the author of *The American In-*

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Benjamin DeMott *is a profesor at Amherst College. His newest book of essays is* Hells and Benefits. Katherine Garrison Chapin *is the author of a recent collection of poems,* The Other Journey.



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*vasion* stood alone in this use of the English-clod / representative-American metaphor, he would rate praise as some kind of original genius. But of course he doesn't stand alone. A half-dozen writers have discovered that the way to put down the Other, Unwashed, non-U England is by seeing it as America. Mr. Holbrook, indeed, has even gone so far as to define whole sectors of the younger generation as, in essence, Americans, purely by looking at "literary" evidence. *English or Maturity* quotes the speech and private letters of lowly English types, items displaying tastes and idioms that are vividly hatefully Yank: "... if only you were here with me to hear *Begin the Beguine* and *St. Louis Blues* on the electric guitar.... Oh boy! those blues...." The book compares this evidence with normal English speech (Sir Walter Raleigh's letter on the eve of his execution). And then, with precisely the right mixture of sniffishness and concern, it concludes that the patterns of English life are being urged on "in the American direction."

Conceivably the anti-anti-Americanist cause will be weakened by the disclosure that the matter of anti-Americanism is becoming increasingly valuable as a mechanism for the expression of purely local hostilities. Conceivably nothing less than the impossibility of a successful anti-anti-American crusade is signaled in the incapacity of English travelers to take in the simplest truth about America – namely that the real triumph of this country lies in the creation of a society whose machinery is by no means bound to break down at the moment class feeling (the poisonous but indispensable lubricant of a smooth-running England) disappears. But neither circumstance justifies suppression of the facts. To defeat the enemy one must know the enemy: one must know, in sum, that the litry anti-Americanist who gives up his hatred gives up large resources of glamour and terror, splendid devices for the display of contrarieties of sensibility, and a metaphor that marks him off, subtly but plainly, as a traditional English gentleman. The single consoling thought, perhaps, is that while few writers will be able to afford such a sacrifice, those who can afford it will inevitably be the men who possess the richest natural gifts of the age.


# Who Will Win?

The National Book Awards are presented annually for the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U.S. in the preceding year. From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1963 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

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PALE FIRE *by Vladimir Nabokov* Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS *by Katherine Anne Porter* Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR *by Dawn Powell* Viking
MORTE D'URBAN *by J. F. Powers* Doubleday
GOING AWAY *by Clancy Sigal* Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS *by John Updike* Knopf

*Judges:* Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

## NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING *by Rachel Carson* Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 *by Leon Edel* Lippincott
O'NEILL *by Arthur and Barbara Gelb* Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES *by Alfred Kazin* Little, Brown
THE ROTHSCHILDS *by Frederic Morton* Atheneum
CHEKHOV *by Ernest J. Simmons* Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 *by Page Smith* Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by Barbara Tuchman* Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE *by Edmund Wilson* Oxford

*Judges:* William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

## POETRY

FOR LOVE *by Robert Creeley* Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE *by Donald F. Drummond* Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING *by Robert Frost* Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS *by Kenneth Koch* Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM *by Howard Nemerov* Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES *by Anne Sexton* Houghton Mifflin
COLLECTED POEMS *by Winfield Townley Scott* Macmillan
TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK *by William Stafford* Harper & Row
PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL *by William Carlos Williams* New Directions

*Judges:* Rolfe Humphries, Henry Rago, Reed Whittemore

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FILMS

# Return of Renoir

Jean Renoir has made almost forty films in forty years, among which are an undisputed masterpiece, *Grand Illusion*, and a disputed one, *Rules of the Game*. In this long career he has sometimes returned to themes treated earlier (*Partie du Campagne*, 1937 and 1960; *La Chienne*, 1931 and 1945). His latest film, *The Elusive Corporal*, returns to the material of *Grand Illusion* – French

*The Elusive Corporal* (Union)
*Love at Twenty* (Embassy)

prisoners of war in German hands. But there is a difference: a greater one, he states, than that this is a later war.

The earlier picture, he says, showed international class unities that transcended nationalisms, whereas the new one is about the solidarity of men – Frenchmen – facing a common ordeal. "To the men of *Grand Illusion* the enemy invasion did not mean the end of their way of life; they were rooted on solid grounds. But today's people move through quicksand, in a world that is in transition."

Renoir's statement implies that social structure is a stronger framework for behavior than national feeling – a tenable viewpoint, I think. His conclusion, apparently, is that, although conflicts in order (1914) could be expressed in serious drama, conflicts in social anarchy (1940) lead to disinvolved, ironic comedy. The tone of his film – in its treatment of fake French heroics, true French heroism, German smarminess and German brutality – is that of Marcel Aymé's stories of the Occupation.

A young French corporal meets a couple of old pals when they are all captured in 1940. The story follows the corporal as, with and without his pals, he makes a series of unsuccessful attempts to escape, loses heart, is reheartened by the daughter of a German lady-dentist who treats him, at last escapes, and reaches Paris. Despite its reminders of *Grand Illusion* and Cayatte's *Tomorrow Is My Turn*, the film is a scherzo on heartbreak and decline. This seeming paradox is made possible partly because of Jean-Pierre Cassel's performance as the corporal, but it is principally accountable, of course, to Renoir. Comedy is, in one sense, a matter of selection; you can include comic elements in tragedy but not vice versa. Thus, when Cassel is trapped in a railroad station and a German soldier fires at him, the shot misses; and it is amusing to see another man grab his leg and howl. Renoir has eliminated the serious possibilities – for example, Cassel's being killed or the other man's being shot in the stomach. What he chooses is true enough but it keeps us and the hero peripheral: observers rather than sufferers. Grim circumstances befall the hero but never irretrievably. The figurative bullets either wound him slightly or hit others, some of whom are quite unrelated to him; even then they never really kill. The one exception is an episode that is both out of key and intrinsically false – a friend's suicidal act of atonement.

Scene after scene (with the exception noted) is accomplished with Renoir's dependable delicacy, tacit chuckle, muted love. The film is so full of excellences (as when the boot-licking French sergeant discovers the corporal's escape clothes and is self-shamed into silence) that it is a retroactive surprise to find that the whole lacks impact.

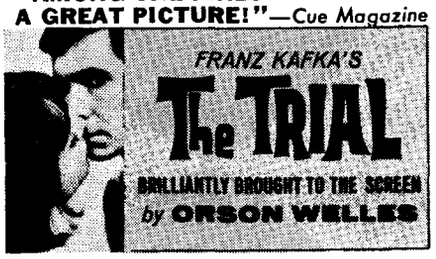
This, I think, is precisely because Renoir's theme, stated above, is not in it. No theme is in it. What the film comes down to is a series of fine and less fine scenes. *Grand Illusion* moved inexorably on thematic rails; but neither implicitly nor explicitly is this true of *The Elusive Corporal*. In any large sense it accomplishes little. It is a collection of wartime adventures that could be expanded or reduced; it has no inevitable form. And the motions of the story relate only to the story – certainly not to the theme Renoir says he was trying to dramatize. This film could have been set in World War I; *Grand Illusion* could not have been set in World War II.

Cassel's performance is embodied delight, mercurial and sure. If I may quote myself, he is the Harlequin of our day. In this film he adds both a few somber shades and a suggestion of Buster Keaton. When he strides out in the civilian clothes the girl has found for his escape – bowler and double-breasted overcoat – his intense seriousness is as hilarous as Buster's would have been. Cassel's range is not yet remarkably wide, but he is unique – a dancer-actor with the invincible charm of a young man who has an appropriately high regard for his own gifts. In her few scenes Conny Froboess, the German girl, quickly develops reticent, sexy pathos.

*Love at Twenty* is yet another anthology film – five episodes dealing with its subject in five countries. The best is the first: an anecdote about a Parisian boy's unrequited first love that at least leads to friendship with the girl's parents. François Truffaut elevates the material with his seemingly unfailing poetic pyrotechnics. Renzo Rossellini's Roman episode is astoundingly trite and tritely handled. The Japanese episode is a boring bit of psychosis. The Polish episode by Andrzej Wajda deals, as is usual in Wajda's films, with an interesting idea. (A thirtyish hero of the Resistance, still heroic, is momentarily attractive to a teen-age girl but soon becomes tiresome to her and her young friends.) As is also usual with Wajda, he handles it with leaden mittens. The German episode, deftly directed by Max Ophuls, is a cute boy-girl romance, perfectly conventional except that in this case they have the baby before they fall in love and get married.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

"AMONG THE FINEST IN YEARS! A GREAT PICTURE!"—Cue Magazine

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## RECORDS

# The Art of Kirsten Flagstad

The obituary notice on Flagstad by the London *Observer's* music critic brought to mind the famous London headline: "Big storm. Continent isolated." "Her voice began to attract international attention only in the early thirties . . . and it was not until after the war that her full potentialities were revealed" – after the war being, it turned out, the period when "Covent Garden became the main center of her activity." Actually, Flagstad's post-war singing exhibited a musically more subtle inflection of a voice which no longer had the full potentialities that had overwhelmed New York audiences in 1935. "At that time," she told Louis Biancoli concerning her first Metropolitan rehearsal, "I took the high C's regularly"; when she said this in 1941 she was no longer producing those amazing high C's of her first *Tristan*, and her high notes no longer had the voluminous splendor the voice had had all the way to the top on that occasion. RCA Victor has never reissued the *Tristan* finale she recorded in 1935; but LM-2618 now offers the performance of the Bridal Chamber Scene from *Lohengrin* with Melchior, first issued in 1943, in which her voice is still close to what it was in the beginning. And not only the voice, but the way of singing that was no less phenomenal – in which the voice, produced seemingly as casually as in speech, went wherever it was called on to go in the long musical phrase, rising to one squarely attacked and securely held high note and from this one to another and still another, before descending to complete the phrase, all as though it presented no difficulty and breath were not even involved. The voice and singing are equally impressive in the early part of the *Tristan* duet on the reverse side, first issued in 1940, but not – because of poor recording – in the last part.

Orfeo-Sonic (Carnegie Hall, New York) has issued an excellent recording (mono and stereo) of Flagstad's singing at the end of her career, in the Wagner program conducted by her accompanist, Edwin McArthur, in two Carnegie Hall concerts in April, 1955, for which he persuaded Flagstad – who was here on a personal visit – to break her retirement. Her voice is tremulous and edged at first in two excerpts from *Die Walkuere* and some of the Wesendonck songs, and even later in parts of the *Tristan* and *Goetterdaemmerung* finales; but in the marvelous song *Im Treibhaus* and in much of the finales it regains its unique lustrous beauty in its lower range, and clarity and power in its upper range. And though there are losses in the voice there is no change in the way of singing: the voice is employed in the simplest, most direct manner to produce a statement of the musical phrase in which, inflected with exquisite musical feeling and taste, it goes wherever it is required to go. It is good to have on records this great singing that Flagstad did at her very last public appearances; and the records also preserve the beauty and refinement of sonority and execution which the Symphony of the Air – its NBC Symphony personnel still almost intact – was still achieving a year after Toscanini's retirement.

The Wesendonck songs and *Tristan* finale are sung by Christa Ludwig with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer on Angel 35923 (mono). Her mezzo-soprano voice lacks warmth and is occasionally tremulous; but its power and the expressive eloquence with which she uses it make her performances very impressive. The record also has Brahms' Alto Rhapsody.

Haydn's "Great" Organ Mass No. 2, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-756 and 138-756, is an engaging, and at times moving, early work on a large enough scale for an elaboration of its substance that makes it interesting – which is not true of the "Little" Organ Mass No. 5 that is on part of the second side. The works are performed well by the Regensburg Cathedral and Boys' Choirs, soloists, and members of the Bavarian Radio Symphony under Theobald Schrems' direction.

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pieces series devoted to performances of the authentic texts of Haydn's symphonies prepared by H. C. Robbins Landon, HS-8 (mono and stereo) offers the Symphony No. 96, another of the superb works of Haydn's maturity, with No. 3, another of the early works whose unimpressive details Landon finds fascinating. Except for a G-sharp in place of Haydn's G-natural, the changes of his writing in the current printed editions of No. 96 that are corrected in the Landon text (provided with the record) are changes of the orchestration – the most consequential and amazing of which is the entire omission of trumpets and kettledrums in the Andante. In addition Landon removes the markings of dynamics and phrasing in the current editions that are not Haydn's; but this time Goberman, in his performance with a Vienna State Opera orchestra, doesn't always adhere to Landon's mistaken idea that where Haydn writes only a *p* at the beginning of a passage he means that the passage is to be played in an undifferentiated *p* throughout. Instead Goberman sometimes amplifies Haydn's marking with enlivening inflection – which produces a more satisfying performance than the one of No. 98.

All of Bach's concertos for one or more harpsichords, some of them his transcriptions of concertos for violins, have been issued by Westminster in excellent performances by Veyron-Lacroix and other soloists with the Pailliard Chamber Orchestra. Beginning with those for one harpsichord, XWN-19016 and WST-17016 offer the Concerto in D minor, one of Bach's finest instrumental works, originally for violin, with the less interesting Concerto in F minor and the Concerto in D, which is his transcription of the engaging Violin Concerto in E; and XWN-19017 and WST-17017 have the Concerto in G minor, which is his transcription of the fine Violin Concerto in A minor, and the less interesting Concertos in A and E. XWN-19018 and WST-17018 have works for two harpsichords: a Concerto in C minor that is a transcription of the fine Concerto in D minor for two violins, another in C minor that is a transcription of the less interesting Concerto in C minor for violin and oboe, and the Concerto in C, also less interesting. And I find the Concerto in A minor for four harpsichords, a transcription of Vivaldi's Concerto in B minor for four violins, more attractive than the other works on XWN-19019 and WSA-17019, the Concertos in D minor and C for three harpsichords.

B. H. HAGGIN

## THEATER

# *German Guilt and Swiss Indictments*

For any drama with an accusatory tone, the Germans have become the most receptive audience in the world; whenever the finger points, they obligingly answer with a chorus of *mea culpas.*

*Andorra*, by Max Frisch (Biltmore)
*The Firebugs*, by Max Frisch (Maidman)
*Lorenzo*, by Jack Richardson (Plymouth)

How would you respond if you felt you had gotten away with mass murder? To feel absolved of a crime, a guilty Calvinist demands some commensurate punishment. But the enormity of Nazi crimes makes absolute justice unthinkable, and even relative justice has been mocked by American political expediency, as Germany becomes an ally in the East-West struggle, and the Nazis are returned to public office. As for the Eichmann trial, this only demonstrated the hideous absurdity of trying to pin on one man what Hannah Arendt calls the "moral debacle" of an entire nation. And lacking a suitable scapegoat, the German people are left without the luxury of expiation. Like the German hero of Sartre's *Le Séquestrés d'Altona,* they must contemplate not Allied vengeance but rather their own unprecedented prosperity – after such knowledge, what forgiveness? Anguished by the mad, insufferable quality of this knowledge, Sartre's hero commits suicide; his countrymen go to



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the theater, and weep over the fate of Anne Frank. Such tears are purgative, but let us not confuse these lachrymose calisthenics with genuine remorse. As Brecht's widow, Helene Weigel, told Kenneth Tynan, after witnessing the *Anne Frank* spectacle: "I know my dear Germans. They would do this again. Tomorrow." Meanwhile, the Germans exhibit their guilt with as much national pride as their Volkswagens, and much of the European theater is given over to guilt-provoking myths.

The most persistent toiler in the guilt industry is Max Frisch, a Swiss playwright recently represented here by two of his works. One of these, *Andorra*, is currently prosecuting audiences in 53 German cities (not to mention sixteen other countries), but the indictment was quickly thrown out of court in New York where spectators refused to accept the summons. This recalcitrance was partly caused by Frisch's Broadway process-servers: Michael Langham's direction managed to make even an occasionally exciting scene look static and labored, and George Tabori's clumsy translation, Boris Aronson's surprisingly artless setting, and the superficial acting of the cast were not much help. While I can imagine a more theatrical event being drawn from the play, however, I cannot imagine a more convincing one. As a piece of construction, *Andorra* seems to have been put together with thumb tacks and baling wire; it is largely lacking in subtlety and totally lacking in grace; and its dramatic ideas often resound with self-righteous yodeling and liberalistic clichés.

The subject of the work is anti-Semitism, its causes and effects, couched in the form of an allegory. In a mythical land named Andorra (Western Europe), which borders on a hostile country of militant anti-Semites called the Blacks (Nazi Germany), a young man is brought up to believe himself a Jew. Although the Andorrans are proud of their democratic heritage, they subject the boy to prejudice, hatred, and contempt, demanding that he behave according to rigid Jewish stereotypes – cowardice, rapacity, shrewdness, etc. When it is finally revealed that the boy is Gentile – the illegitimate son of his "adopted" father and a Black woman – nobody believes the truth. And partly because he is now in love with his half-sister, partly because he has begun to accept the stereotypes thrust upon him, the boy refuses to believe it too. The Blacks invade Andorra. When the Jew Inspector arrives to make the country *judenrein*, he instinctually identifies the boy as Jewish. The boy is executed; and the Andorrans must live with their guilt.

Instead of doing violence to the play, a bare outline is the kindest way to describe it, since Frisch is obviously less interested in creating a textured, ambiguous art than in making bald statements. Only some of these statements, however, strike me as true. It is possible to argue that all of Europe is implicated in the death of six million Jews, and it is beyond argument (*i.e.* obvious) that racial stereotypes are bad. But the play also suggests that the Jew has been invented by the European Gentile – that the Jew, in short, does not exist. I am as unwilling to concede this as to believe that the Negro does not exist (the predominant cliché of the American stage). It seems to me far healthier to accept the differences among people than to pretend that we are really all the same, especially when we remember that it was in the country of most successful Jewish assimilation – Germany – that the Nazi madness began. Well, at least I should like to have heard some arguments for the other side.

This inability to keep two ideas in his mind at the same time is also apparent in Frisch's *The Firebugs*, which recently expired from similar internal and external causes. The director, Gene Frankel, mauled the work into the shape of a Mack Sennett farce, and was responsible for some extremely self-conscious acting; but one felt again that no great masterwork was being violated. The hero of this play is Biedermann (upright citizen) – a bourgeois Everyman who permits a trio of arsonists to send up his house in flames, while a chorus of firemen keep an ineffective watch. Biedermann's passivity before his own destruction – an event he helps to bring about by trying to establish a proletarian comradeship with the firebugs – is a consequence of his personal guilt: he has grown rich by stealing a hair tonic formula from a former employee. As an explanation for the rise of totalitarianism in capitalistic countries, this idea might have had some cogency if it were not so simply stated, but once again a suggestive dramatic metaphor degenerates into a literalistic, and rather smug, allegory. Frisch has been compared to Brecht, whom he acknowledges as his master; but, lacking Brecht's poetry, ambiguity, and inwardness, he seems more akin to the German Expressionists of the twenties and thirties. His is an ideological mind without an ideology, creating activist myths which prescribe no action. A dynamic interrupted or unfulfilled can only produce guilt, Frisch's primary subject and the one emotion his plays provoke. And because of this emphasis on guilt, Frisch provides wet whips for a Germany repulsively eager to flagellate itself.

Jack Richardson is the most literate, intelligent, and well-educated of the new American playwrights; this is precisely his problem. He seems to have difficulty throwing off his artistic


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*ANNOUNCEMENT*

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models, and striking out along his own individual path. He is most imitative when he turns to the past: *Lorenzo* is an extremely windy historical play about a troupe of actors pulling their wagon through Renaissance Italian battlefields, and being decimated by war. This rich man's *Mother Courage* is filled with so many echoes of other dramatists (Shaw and Giraudoux as well as Brecht) that one is tempted to make invidious comparisons. I longed for that crisp, ironic voice I occasionally heard in *Gallows Humor*. Still, the play contains one vital character – a cuttingly malevolent mercenary general, played with exquisite serpent-like skill by Fritz Weaver – and any work which can evoke such evil cannot be all bad.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

# *Correspondence*

## White Geese, Colored Ganders

*Sirs:*

One of the primary reasons Negroes tend to distrust white liberals (for example, the Reform Democratic movement has made absolutely no headway in Harlem and probably never will) is that when the racial chips are down, white liberals invariably line up with white racists under the guise of "responsible government" and other self-serving bromides by denouncing Negroes like Adam Clayton Powell.

And Rep. Adam Clayton Powell is the racial litmus paper test as far as the overwhelming majority of Negroes are concerned.

*The New Republic*, by its editorial conception a "liberal" periodical (it occasionally pays a Negro to write articles for it) has joined the ranks of the Powell head-hunters of America in "TRB from Washington" (Teddy Roosevelt Belches).

Harlem, one of the most crowded, stinking urban jungles in America finally gets a break with money to hopefully perform a sociological "operation bootstrap" and what happens? It's "Adam Powell's project" and by definition, this is bad. TRB deduces this opinion as an example of Congress' "lax and lazy" posture.

TRB recalls Powell's junket to Europe with two female associates, yet I don't recall his having mentioned that during one of the same nights Rep. Powell was in the Club Lido (spending counterpart funds from the US Embassy in Paris), Sen. Estes Kefauver was in the same club with 10 guests spending counterpart funds from the same US Embassy. While Powell was junketing, Rep. Otto Passman, that angry foe of foreign aid, was spending those same funds, having himself a "ball" in Europe almost at the same time Powell was enjoying Parisian delights. Passman even joked about it to Powell in one of the funniest alliteration jokes I've heard in a long time. Did TRB mention Mr. Passman's junketing?

In an exclusive interview with the *Washington Afro-American* Powell summed up in one sentence what this whole thing is about and why white folks have suddenly become upset: "As a Member of Congress I have done no more than anybody else and by the Grace of God, I intend to do not one bit less."

And this is precisely what every single black person in America wants and intends to get – the right to do every miserable thing the TRBs do – and by God, we're going to get it, come hell or high water, and we just hope a few of the TRBs are around when we *do* get it. Don't ever forget that what's good for you white geese is good for us colored ganders.

*C. Sumner Stone, Jr.*
*Washington, D. C.*

*In reply . . .*

Four paragraphs in *The New Republic* of February 23 by TRB attacked a seniority system in Congress which permits abuses of power. Though obviously not the only offender, Adam Clayton Powell was cited as a case in point: "He is bringing Congress into contempt because Congress won't clean up its own archaic rules." Elsewhere in the same issue there were 35 paragraphs by Murray Kempton, to which Mr. Stone does not refer, describing in most complimentary terms "Adam Powell's project" in Harlem. Is an irresponsible use of Congressional privilege by a Negro chairman of a Congressional committee to be ignored or condoned because there are white Congressmen who are equally guilty? Should no criticism of a Negro be made that is not accompanied by criticism of whites? Should we re-



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frain from censuring a public official because he is a Negro? As editor of an important Negro newspaper and newly appointed director of the United States Information Service in Tanganyika, Mr. Stone's opinion on these questions would be interesting. THE EDITORS

## Catholics and Schools

*Sirs:*

Because TRB is the best columnist out of Washington, it is doubly painful to read such an unjust depiction of the relationship between the Catholic Church and federal aid to education (February 16). I defy you to produce any Catholic spokesman who said, according to your quotation, ". . . We have the power in Congress to block federal aid for all children unless we get state support, and we shall exercise the power no matter how much America needs better equipment, better teachers, and better schools."

The Catholic position can be stated very simply: It is a discriminatory act to provide federal aid for education and then exclude some six million American children whose parents want them to be educated in religion as well as the secular subjects. It is true that the religious issue was a major element in the defeat of the Federal Aid Bill in 1962. But it is not true that Catholics alone oppose the bill, since the crucial sections of it died in a House committee whose members were predominantly non-Catholic.

The Catholic Church is not trying to legislate its beliefs on the American people. Only last week Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, said in a television address: "I, as a Catholic, have absolutely no right . . . to foist through legislation, or through any other means, any doctrine of my Church upon others. . . ."

On the other hand, Catholics have civil liberties, too, and one of them is to fight discrimination. Until the Supreme Court speaks directly on this issue, it is legal speculation to hold that aid to parochial schools in the matter of secular subjects is unconstitutional. The latest Gallup Poll showed that a considerable percentage of Protestants in America have recently changed their minds in favor of federal aid for all, if aid is given.

*Douglas J. Roche*
*Associate Editor*
*The Sign*

At last the voice of reason (*NR*, March 2) on church-related schools! There is more terse good sense in this editorial than I've seen in most other articles anywhere, pro or con. There is good sense on the subject of the state's legislating for secular ends, on the question of incidental aid to religion, in the realization that all teaching is philosophically based, one way or the other, and in the requirement that a measure of public control is in order.

I hasten to add this reservation – the hope that your position is no grudging concession to the facts: "Nobody needs to send his child to a private school; but millions do." There are many facile concepts embedded here: (1) There is nothing in the intellectual and spiritual order (where education lies) that serves or can serve *all* Americans – nothing *public* in that sense, in the way that public transportation, sanitation or health service serves us all. The secular public school serves part of the public; the church-related school serves another part. (2) Millions not only do send their children to church-related schools; they have a sacred right – a constitutional, basic human natural right – thus to control the education of their children. Denying any public tax aid, contributed by *all*, to such schools is tantamount to destroying the parents' right to choose such schools. Catholics have never asked for anybody else's tax money; but they do want a part of their own, and they feel that the loss or gain – depending on how you look at it – is the necessary price for a truly free society.

Thanks for the good sense. With the ideological battle now largely over, it should be possible for *all* Americans to push resolutely for excellence in *all* America's schools.

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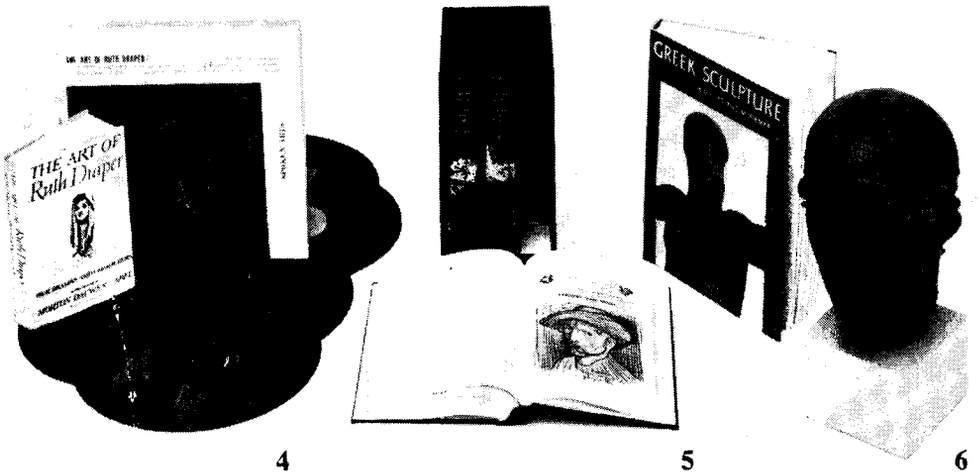


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